

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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MAKE WAY FOR THE KING

SPECTACLES OF THE NEW REIGN

WHY NOT LET US SEE THEM?**Wanted, A Processional Way For London's Vast Crowds****GREAT THING WAITING TO BE DONE**

Now that the sad and mournful pageants are part of our life's memories we must look forward, and surely there is one great thing that must be done.

It is going to be a spectacular reign that is opening now. The B B C and the marvellous quickening-up of transport have made that certain. There will be more pageants and more people to see them, and it is time for a great change to be made in the management of our public spectacles.

There is no reason why all those who come out to see our great processions should not see them in comfort.

An Idea For the New Reign

It is probably true that not half of those who came out to see King George's funeral saw that stately sight, and we suggest that one of the first great ideas for King Edward's reign should be the laying-out of a Processional Way which would enable all our people to see these spectacles in safety and comfort. The Coronation is coming, and the Processional Way should be ready for it.

It would cost very little. It would employ a great number of men. It would please everybody. It could be made attractive by means of formal shrubs and sculpture which could be moved when necessary. It would in no way interfere with the ordinary street procession, but would provide comfortable viewpoints for those multitudes which now pour into our streets at great risk and in an almost vain hope of seeing a great sight.

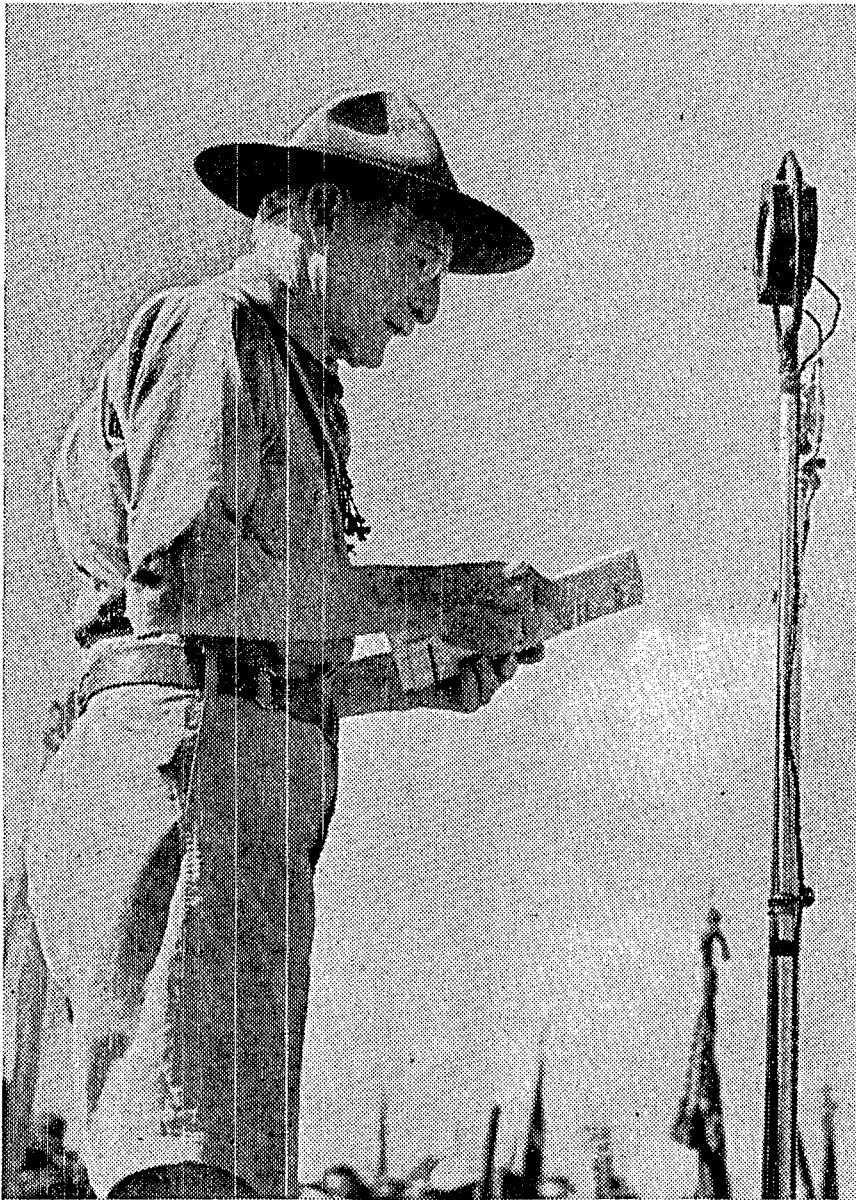
Let Us Prepare

We are at the dawn of what we all hope will be the greatest reign in the nation's story. Let us prepare greatly for it and make way for the King. Let us have our grand new Way ready for the Coronation.

To the mourning pageant of the funeral of King George the tube railways brought a million people. By tram and omnibus, by car and taxicab, and on foot came a million more. Two million people at the very least were drawn to the route from Westminster Hall to Paddington along which the procession passed.

What happened on that day is a sign and a warning. We are at the beginning of a day of multitudes of people whose numbers will grow vaster and vaster. Two millions today will be three millions tomorrow, and every new means of communication in London will add to

Chief Scout Calling



Though weak from an attack of malaria the Chief Scout's voice was heard throughout the British Empire when he spoke to the South African Scouts at their jamboree at East London

the numbers. What will they be at the Coronation next year?

For these new times provision must be made. Every week witnesses the rapid growth of the determination of more and more spectators to see what is to be seen. Where hundreds sought out a spectacle at the beginning of King George's reign thousands will not be denied now. If their rightful claim to see is to be met there must be a new Royal Way on which they can see it.

London has no Processional Way fit for such occasions, and how ill adapted the London streets are to afford one was plain at the royal funeral. Hundreds of thousands who came went empty away.

They were stacked inside barriers, when once they had got inside them, and, often crushed or stifled by the pressure of late comers, could not get out. Seven thousand ambulance cases testified to the crush. But any who were in or near it found proof of it. The first disadvantage of a place in the streets was clear. The little people,

more especially the children, though the crowd as always was as gentle and considerate as it could be to these, could not see through or over the heads of those in front of them.

Numbers had brought boxes or stools to stand on, and managed somehow in spite of discouragement from the police, who also cast an unfriendly eye on ladders. But police are human, and the London cockney is hard to suppress when he wants to see the sights. Two men in Hyde Park must have made a small fortune by lending a ladder for climbing into trees—at ten shillings a time. They reaped a golden harvest from their wonderful idea, and had no reason to bother about the way their customers got down!

A coster with his barrow whom we saw made a more modest sum by letting people climb on it after he had propped it up and converted it into a grandstand. Spectators stood on anything which would give them an elevation, and

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THE SHOEMAKER OF 1848

Echo of the Year of Revolutions**CAPTIVE'S GRANDSON FINDS HIS WAY HOME***From Our Hungary Correspondent*

As strange as an old legend is the story of Stepan Horvath, who served as a soldier of the Russian Army in the Great War.

Horvath was born in Siberia of Russian parents. Coming to man's estate during the war, he was conscripted into the Russian Army and sent into the Carpathians to fight against an enemy he had never heard of; his officers taught him to call them Hungarians.

He distinguished himself in various engagements and was decorated. Later he was taken prisoner by the Hungarians and put into camp in Hajmasker.

A Hungarian Name

Here there came to light a curious anomaly. Horvath is a Hungarian name. How came one who was a Russian soldier to bear it?

Stepan knew nothing of his family history. But the authorities were intrigued; inquiries were set on foot; chance helped; and at last, some years after the conclusion of the war, the mystery was solved.

Stepan's grandfather, Istvan Horvath, was a Hungarian, and as a young man had joined the army which in 1848, the year of revolutions, fought for Hungary's liberation from the Austrian yoke. This army was victorious at first, but was ultimately defeated with the help of the Russians, and many Hungarians fell into Austrian or Russian captivity.

The Horvaths Have Come Back

Stepan's grandfather was taken to Siberia and never heard of again. His family believed him dead; and there was no exchange of prisoners in those days. Being a shoemaker by trade he did not find it hard to make a living, and after a while he married and founded a family. His children always looked on themselves as Russians, and his grandson Stepan Horvath had no inkling of his Hungarian origin until he found himself, in the guise of an enemy, in the land of his ancestors.

Then "something manifested itself in his heart," as he says. Even before the discovery of his parentage he felt that he had come home, and that he never wanted to return to the land of his birth, which he did not feel to be his native land.

He is now the proud father of two Hungarian boys. The Russian episode is over and done with, almost forgotten. It may be said, indeed, that the Horvaths have come back to their own.

HERO OF YOUTH IN ST PAUL'S

T. E. LAWRENCE

Giving Freedom To Others, He Could Not Find Peace

THE SADNESS OF GENIUS

A bronze bust of T. E. Lawrence has been unveiled in the crypt of St Paul's by Lord Halifax. He spoke of the astonishing achievements of Lawrence in the war and of the strange character of this man who seemed almost to have many personalities.

It is significant how strongly the personality of Lawrence has gripped the imagination of his countrymen.

To comparatively few was he intimately known; his fame rested upon achievement in distant corners of the world; to the vast majority he was a figure legendary, elusive.

There has been no character in our generation which has more deeply impressed itself upon the mind of youth. Many of us can remember when we began to be told stories how impatiently we used to ask the teller if it was really true; and Lawrence's life is better than any fairy story. As we hear it we are transported back to the days of medieval chivalry, and then we remember that these things happened not 20 years ago.

A Twentieth-Century Crusader

Lawrence set forth from Oxford eastwards, a crusader of the twentieth century, on behalf of peoples and causes which must remain for ever associated with his name.

This phase of Lawrence's life fitted in with that most searching trial of his country which was the occasion of his rendering her such signal service. He had long dreamed of the restoration to freedom of the inhabitants of Palestine and Arabia, and it was through the war that the chance came to realise his dreams. Others worked with him, sharing the perils of the strangest warfare that those years witnessed, and share with him the glory of achievement; but he was the inspiration and fiery soul of the revolt which shattered Turkish misrule and made freemen of the children of the desert.

In 1914 Lawrence was barely 26, known only to the small circle of his friends; when the war ended his name was on the lips of all the world. For nearly three years he organised and directed against the enemy a race of nomadic tribesmen, counting upon a devoted loyalty almost unique in the annals of military adventure, a loyalty which over and over again turned forlorn hopes to complete success.

His Dynamic Force

What was the secret of the almost mesmeric power he exerted? So different was he from other men that they could often only catch part of his personality. Perhaps with his strain of Puckishness Lawrence was himself not averse from deepening a mystery.

It is seldom that the direction of world events can be so clearly attributed to the dynamic force of a single individual. He saw a vision which to the ordinary man would have seemed like fantasy, and by the sheer force of his character made it real. It has been said of him that no man was ever more faithful at any cost to the inner voice of conscience.

Not long before he died he was writing to a friend about his own uneasiness. "I think it is (he said) in part because I am sorry to be dropped out. One of the sorest things in life is to realise that one is just not good enough. Better perhaps than some, than many, but there is an ideal standard somewhere, and only that matters, and I cannot find it."

That, said Lord Halifax, was where we must leave this extraordinary man, for the waters of genius run too deep for human measure.

HOW IS YOUR MAJESTY'S HUSBAND?

We have found this story of Queen Mary in the C N for October 1917, when the fate of all Europe was in the balance.

The Queen and Princess Mary were having an enjoyable hour's work as waitresses, serving twopenny and threepenny dinners at a communal kitchen in Stepney—sausages and onions, meat pies, cold ham, and all manner of things, with brief, kindly talks with the poor women as they served them. "Were you in the air raid?" the Queen asked, as some women appeared in black; and they whispered their tragic stories to her.

But there was one old lady who did not leave it to the Queen to do the questioning. She wanted to have "just a word with the Queen"; and as the Queen bent, smiling, toward her she said, "I hope your husband's quite well, ma'am." The Queen answered that he was, and she thought it very kind of her to inquire.

"I've got a very good reason for it," said Mrs Smith. "I've followed him, so to speak, ever since he was a baby. It was I who made his first robe, bless his heart!"

Naturally the Queen was surprised and interested, and when the old lady said, "I hope you'll tell him what I've told you and give him my best respects and kind wishes," she replied that she certainly would.

Mrs Smith was retiring with a deep curtsy when Queen Mary said, "Stop a minute; you've forgotten your dinner."

"Bless us, so I have!" chuckled Mrs Smith. "I think I'll have a little meat pie, please—but I was that flustered!"

Princess Mary fetched the food, the Queen took the money, and Mrs Smith withdrew, saying, "Now, you won't forget to tell your husband?"

The Rope That Pulled the Train To Euston

LONDON is changing so rapidly that young people can hardly realise what a revolution is marked by the rebuilding of Euston, a work now beginning under the direction of Mr Percy Thomas, one of the most famous of our younger architects.

The youngest President the R I B A has had is to remake the oldest and most famous of our London stations.

A century ago its site was a garden. The station which rose in the garden was the architectural and engineering marvel of the age. What London is to

the world, said a famous man of the period, Euston is to England, likening its Doric portico to the fine work seen over Greek temples!

There can be no structural change greater than the revolution in methods associated with the station. There may be still alive those who can remember when trains were hauled from Camden Town to Euston by cable. At Euston stood a stationary engine which pulled up a thousand-yard rope, three inches thick; at the end of the rope came the Camden Town train!

A PROCESSIONAL WAY FOR LONDON

Continued from page 1

no regulations or remonstrance would stop them. Others hoisted periscopes, bought or ready-made, or tied pocket mirrors or car mirrors to umbrella handles to get a sight.

All these things point to one fact obvious from beginning to end. There are millions who want to see processions and hundreds of thousands who never see. There is only one way out. London, the people, and the King all need a great Processional Way.

London is one of the few great capitals without one. Paris has its Champs Elysées, Berlin has its Unter den Linden. Washington has the Centenary Road of Heroes leading to Mount Vernon. Signor Mussolini has built for Rome the Via dell' Impero. Athens has the new broad road cut from the Acropolis to the sea. London has no official processional road except that from Buckingham Palace to the Admiralty Arch.

It is not long enough, and even with stands can accommodate no more than a tenth of those come out to see a procession which stirs their heart and imagination. Much can be done with stands. Wembley will take nearly 100,000 people at the Final Cup Tie. At the Russian Soviet's Petrovsky Stadium, Moscow, 200,000 can sit or stand. Murrayfield Stadium, where Wales and Scotland met last week, holds 120,000. These football grounds give us a hint.

Better than stands are the terraces rising in shallow steps. Lord's Cricket Ground has its Mound for spectators, and mounds of a simpler kind along a processional way would give every spectator, little or big, long or short, the view he wants. The need can be summed up in a sentence: A long enough road, and sloping mounds along it.

Where should this splendid road be? In Hyde Park? In the Green Park? Both offer possibilities. Green Park is nearest to Buckingham Palace, from which royal processions set out, and its acres might be sufficient for a curved sector to be cut out of them. The road we have in mind would be only part of the whole route. It would lead back toward the Admiralty Arch roadway on the western side of St James's Palace. Its purpose would be to accommodate

the million. Other spectators would find places in the buildings and stands of the Mall, the Horse Guards Parade, Whitehall, and Parliament Square.

The Green Park might not be ample enough for such a road to be cut without disfigurement, and the road might prove too short for the throngs who would surely seek it; but there remains Hyde Park, to which Constitution Hill would lead the way.

There are various paths the Way might take through Hyde Park, and it could then curve back to the Serpentine Road to return by the way it came along Constitution Hill, and so to its destination.

The ready objection that this road does not lead directly to any destination does not apply to its purpose, which is simply to give all who want to see the procession an opportunity to do so without disappointment or failure.

Its sides should be embanked with rising mounds, easy of access and cut in shallow steps on the side nearer the road. Places would be allotted for children or for any who had a first claim to privilege. All others would be free to the hidden millions London can and would pour out.

Such mounds and such a road might be made beautiful with flowers and shrubs and turf beds; and the erection of them (or the moving of them) would not be costly or difficult. The mounds in the Green Park were the rubbish left there a century ago after buildings and a reservoir had been demolished. In the London of today and tomorrow there are tens of thousands of tons of excavated earth at the disposal of anyone who can make use of it. Builders and tube railways pay to have it carted away.

Dumped in Hyde Park it could be converted into mounds at very small cost and would absorb the unskilled labour of thousands of unemployed. Looked at in any way and every way the construction of a Royal Processional Route is a task worthy of the new reign, and we commend it to our enterprising and highly efficient Office of Works, and especially to Mr Ormsby-Gore, our First Commissioner, whose love of history is seen in so many ways.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Overheard in the queue to Westminster Hall—Voice of an old lady: "Is that the River Thames?"

Mr Kipling, who had a clever father, was once asked, Are you the great Mr Kipling? "No, I am his son," he said.

Nearly 30,000 more visitors came to this country last year than in the year before; the total was about a thousand for every weekday.

A swan entangled in a wireless aerial at Bath was saved from being strangled by a youth who climbed up the aerial and set it free; he was William Stephens.

Sir Owen Seaman, editor of Punch for 26 years and a popular poet, has passed away at 74; his title becomes extinct as he leaves no heir.

Southwark Royal Eye Infirmary has received £5 from somebody unknown "in memory of King George and instead of a journey to London to see the funeral procession."

GREEN EATING

The Actor and His Cabbage

Dear C N,

We have read Green Eater's plea that vegetables be spoken of respectfully by their proper names at all times and places, but a little story we just read about the actor John Barrymore suggests that we should go farther than that.

John Barrymore was dining at a Green-eating home where a superb raw cabbage salad was served. As he took a second helping Mr Barrymore said to his hostess, "Let me congratulate you on the most judiciously dramatised cabbage I have ever encountered."

Our much-maligned Veg should not merely be advanced from the mob and given names on the programme; they should, at times, be given star parts.

How many of us who will consume cabbage this day in some form or other will find it judiciously dramatised?

An Experimental Cook

GERMANY AND THE WORLD

The Way To a True Peace

By Herr Hitler

Germany will be as peace-loving as any nation can be so long as her honour is not assailed. Anyone, however, who thinks he can treat us as a slave will find that he has to deal with the most stubborn people in the world.

We hope that a general understanding of the rights of all peoples may gain ground in the world. This is the necessary condition before a true and deep peace can sink upon the nations.

Today we can once more proclaim ourselves as Germans before the world with pride. In the last year of our rule the German people has regained its honour. We are no longer defenceless helots, but free and self-confident citizens of the world.

THINGS SAID

England is a spiritual island in a world ocean of fear. Dr S. M. Berry

The League Covenant must be understood as something higher, nobler, and more fertile than a mere set of rules for an International Fire Brigade.

Senor de Madariaga

One is never at ease with renegades. M. Georges Girard

If King Edward stood for election he would win by 1000 to 1 against any opponent. Mr Thomas Johnston, M P

I am rather glad to think that the King has taken his trumpeter with him to the other side.

A lady on hearing that the King followed Mr Kipling so soon

Cricket Bat Harvest • Ski Race • New Shakespeare Film



An Alpine Race—The excitement of a ski race is well shown in this picture from Davos in Switzerland.



Fresh Herrings—A Dutchwoman who peddles her fish from door to door.



The Cricket Bat Harvest—The unwieldy logs which these men are carrying will one day be hitting boundaries on cricket fields. They are sections of willows which are grown at Witham in Essex specially for the manufacture of cricket bats. The trees are mature when they are between 12 and 15 years old, and each tree yields about 20 blades.



A Shakespeare Film—On the right is the famous actress Elizabeth Bergner as Rosalind in a scene from her latest film, As You Like It.



The Four Bears—Mother bear and her cubs have been enjoying a swim in Lake Sherbourne in Glacier National Park, Montana, U.S.A.

WHY 1939?

The New School Age

LET IT BEGIN IN CORONATION YEAR

The Education Bill has been printed, and all who are keen that the children of this country should get the full benefits the State can now afford must see that the Bill is made stronger rather than weaker during its passage through Parliament.

In the first place it seems to us a grave error to fix 1939 as the year for raising the school age. What a fine compliment to King Edward it would be if his Coronation Year could be forever linked in our history books with this wise change.

Again, though the Bill provides certain safeguards against the removal of children from school before 15, we do not believe they are definite enough. All our local education authorities have not the high standards of London and some other famous towns; indeed the raising of the school age is opposed by powerful interests which exploit the labour of boys and girls. No one, of course, wishes to stand in the way of any boy or girl securing an apprenticeship, and no employer should be allowed to obtain the services of young people under 15 without being legally bound to keep them for a fixed period. Very lax views are held as to what is the "beneficial employment" on which important clauses in the Bill hang. Ought it to be left to local opinion to decide?

SILENCE FOR THE BBC

Wanted, a Few Golden Hours

We think most C.N. readers will agree with the wise letter Mr Frank Pick sends to The Times, from which we take the following.

When, with the industrial era, machinery was applied to the making of things in quantity, art was rapidly debased because the governing principles of good design were not clearly understood or generally accepted. We have been a century struggling to sort out the mess and find for industry its proper place in relation to design.

Now, with the advent of broadcasting, it seems that we arrive at the same predicament with regard to music. Mass-produced music will lose all its qualities and will be just as vulgar, feeble, vain, idle, as much of mass-produced art. Neither the finest music nor the finest orchestras can stand the strain. Need we want another century of struggle to put matters straight in this sphere? I therefore ask one or two simple questions:

Is it necessary that broadcasting should go on continuously day after day for such long hours? Why not, golden hours of silence?

Is there music enough of all varieties to fill those hours?

Even if there is, are we capable of listening to so much without impairment of our sensibilities and our taste?

Let us cut the programmes in half but still have a choice of two.

FEWER POTATOES

Why We Pay More For Them

That it is quite unnecessary to curb abundance is again demonstrated by potato crop estimates.

Our own potato crop is considerably smaller than before, and it seems that all Europe will have a reduced yield. In 1935 Europe produced some 15 million tons less than in 1934. Ireland, however, has done very well again.

The net result is that we may have to pay more for our potatoes, the cheapest good food we have.

A SHIP FOR BOYS

Great Idea of a Camp at Sea

The British India Steam Navigation Company have received from the builders a ship called the Dilwara, specially designed for carrying troops.

Most troopships hitherto have been adapted, and have involved discomfort and inconveniences in consequence; the Dilwara is starting for the East with a complement of officers and men of the Royal Air Force.

The men will use hammocks and roll them up for the day. They will eat at long tables and sit on benches as in barracks. The Dilwara can carry 1150 troops. Her gross tonnage is 11,000, and she is a motor vessel.

But the greatest point of interest is that when not carrying troops the Dilwara is to act as a kind of travelling camp for schoolboys. A summer camp under canvas attracts hundreds of boys, but a floating and cruising camp is such a thrilling idea that it must be a success from the start.

THE GREAT CARE SCIENCE TAKES

What Goes On at the London Hospital

Rarely do we have a death from tetanus in an English hospital, but one has occurred after an operation, arising from a piece of material which carried the germ.

The substance was not obtained from the London Hospital, but the case has drawn attention to the wonderful achievements of this great institution.

In order to have material positively free from infection, sheep are pastured on guarded ground in Australia, and their bodies sent frozen in ice to the hospital in London. There the ice is thawed and the substance necessary for the surgeon is obtained under germ-proof conditions. Then, having been prepared, it is enclosed in airtight tubes, which are not allowed to be opened until they are required for the operating theatre and all is safe.

It is an astonishing and gratifying thought that the London Hospital supplies practically the whole world with material for the surgeon's needle, though it did not supply the hospital where this death has occurred.

THE POLITICAL FACE OF AMERICA

Great Change in Parties

So difficult is it to understand what is going on in one's own country that we should speak with caution of other lands, but there is a change discernible in America which is worthy of note.

There political parties in the past have been called Republican and Democrat.

They have won power and lost it in the common party manner, and in America that means much, for when an American political party wins it gives paid office to its followers while turning out of paid office its opponents.

President Roosevelt won office as a Democrat, and the Democrats in the past have been all for liberty—no government interference with trade and no centralisation. But Mr Roosevelt has interfered with trade in an unprecedented way.

The Republicans, on the other hand, have favoured Government interference, relief schemes, and so on. Now they are inclined to oppose Mr Roosevelt's operations; the New Deal goes too far they think. They rejoice that the Supreme Court has crushed it.

So events, President Roosevelt, and America's dire need for reform have upset the parties. They do not quite know where they are.

THAY OF OLD EGYPT

Master of Pharaoh's Horse

Thay, Master of the Horse to a Pharaoh who ruled in Egypt when the Temple at Luxor was new, has received recognition after 3200 years.

He died and was buried in the vast cemetery at Sakkarah, where he lay forgotten among thousands of others who were great in their day. When, a quarter of one of these many centuries since he stood before kings, a trace of him came to light he was still unremembered.

This was because this fragment from the tombs was shapeless, something that was wrapped in glued linen rags, and seemed of small value. But the other day some inquiring officer of the Cairo Museum bethought himself of the bundle of rags and decided to see what lay beneath.

When the mummy-like swathings had been removed the staff of the museum gathered round to wonder at what was revealed. Before their eyes was a statuette in ebony which the centuries, and the rags, had miraculously kept as perfect as when it left the hands of the carver.

It stands two feet high on a wooden base, with ceremonial wig and draped skirt, a masterpiece declared to be the finest statuette ever found in Egypt. Though so unaltered, and apparently undamaged, it has no left arm. It may be that Thay had not.

Who carved it none can tell, and none would in his day have thought him as important a man as Thay, whose character and services are fully recorded in white hieroglyphics on the base of the statue. Yet the named and the nameless acquire fame in the 20th century, and that of the sculptor is the more enduring.

SING YE PRAISES WITH UNDERSTANDING

A sum of money has been left to the Church in Scotland by a Glasgow manufacturer to make church services more beautiful.

Mr Gilbert Beith Hay was a musician as well as a manufacturer, and a chorister who had sung that noble psalm which begins "O clap your hands all ye people." It goes on to enjoin those who rejoice to "Sing ye praises with understanding."

So Mr Hay set aside £7000 in trust to encourage psalm and hymn singing. He had his own views about the best way. He thought there might be a travelling orchestra, harpists, and a string quartet to fashion the way in which the voice should follow. But he left the choice of the course to be adopted to the Psalmody Committee, modestly contenting himself with providing the means.

And who, knowing the woeful depths of some church music, can help praising his bequest and the hope prompting it?

THE WAITING-ROOM BIBLE

In many of the old Great Eastern Railway waiting-rooms can still be seen a copy of the Bible. A former general manager of the line, Mr C. H. Parkes, whose name is perpetuated in Parkstone Quay at Harwich, insisted that in all waiting-rooms on the line and in various staff rooms Bibles should be permanently in position.

MORE CAPITAL

There was a decided improvement in the employment of capital last year.

Capital is money (which means goods) used to produce more goods, as when we build a factory and instal machinery to make things.

Last year 182 million pounds was subscribed by the public for new capital issues, as compared with 150 millions in 1934 and 133 millions in 1933.

A NEW WONDER ON

AN OLD BRIDGE

Chester Solves a Problem

Chester has solved a problem which is very important to all those who love old and beautiful things.

She has saved old Deeside Bridge without endangering the people who have to use it.

Elsewhere we read of old stone bridges demolished to make way for a wide bridge of reinforced concrete, but the Corporation of Chester said that their bridge was too beautiful to be scrapped, although it is too narrow to allow two streams of traffic to pass safely and the footpath is not wide enough for walkers.

So they thought hard, and devised a plan. The footpath is to be widened, and only one line of traffic will be allowed to use the bridge at a time.

Engineers of the Ministry of Transport have invented a system whereby vehicles will set signals in motion, releasing the traffic from north and south in turns. So ingenious are these signals that they can distinguish between slow and fast traffic. It is a veritable new wonder on an old bridge.

A short time ago it was proposed to demolish some old buildings in the beautiful city of Bath. A storm was aroused which astonished everyone concerned, and the scheme was abandoned. Chester has avoided all such bitterness, and has earned the gratitude of those who will one day rule Chester and inherit its treasures unharmed.

EGYPT

A Better Outlook

Something more than a truce has occurred between the rival parties in Egypt, and if everything goes as planned, it will be a strange electoral campaign which will lead up to the General Election, now put off till May 2; for there are to be no political speeches and the leaders of the various parties are not to be opposed.

A neutral Cabinet has taken office under Ali Pasha Maher, and has appointed a delegation of six Wafdists and five members of other parties to make the new Treaty with this country. The Wafdist (Nationalist) leader, Mustafa Pasha Nahas, will be the Egyptian chairman, and as it is almost certain that he will be Prime Minister after the election the Treaty should be assured of a firm support throughout the country.

ANCESTORS OF LITTLE SHETLIE

Our familiar friend the Shetland pony has a long ancestry.

Some bones of a curious shape found by Mr James Mouat at Breiwick, Shetland, prove to be part of the fossilised jawbone of a pure forest breed of horse, the ancestor of the Shetland pony.

The bones might not have come to light but for a heavy rainstorm last July when the loch emptied itself into the sea after the strand had been washed away.

TO MARK THE NEW REIGN

A Jewish Londoner has determined that the new reign shall begin well for a large number of East End children.

Through the East End Mission, Stepney Central Hall, he is supplying many free breakfasts to poor children.

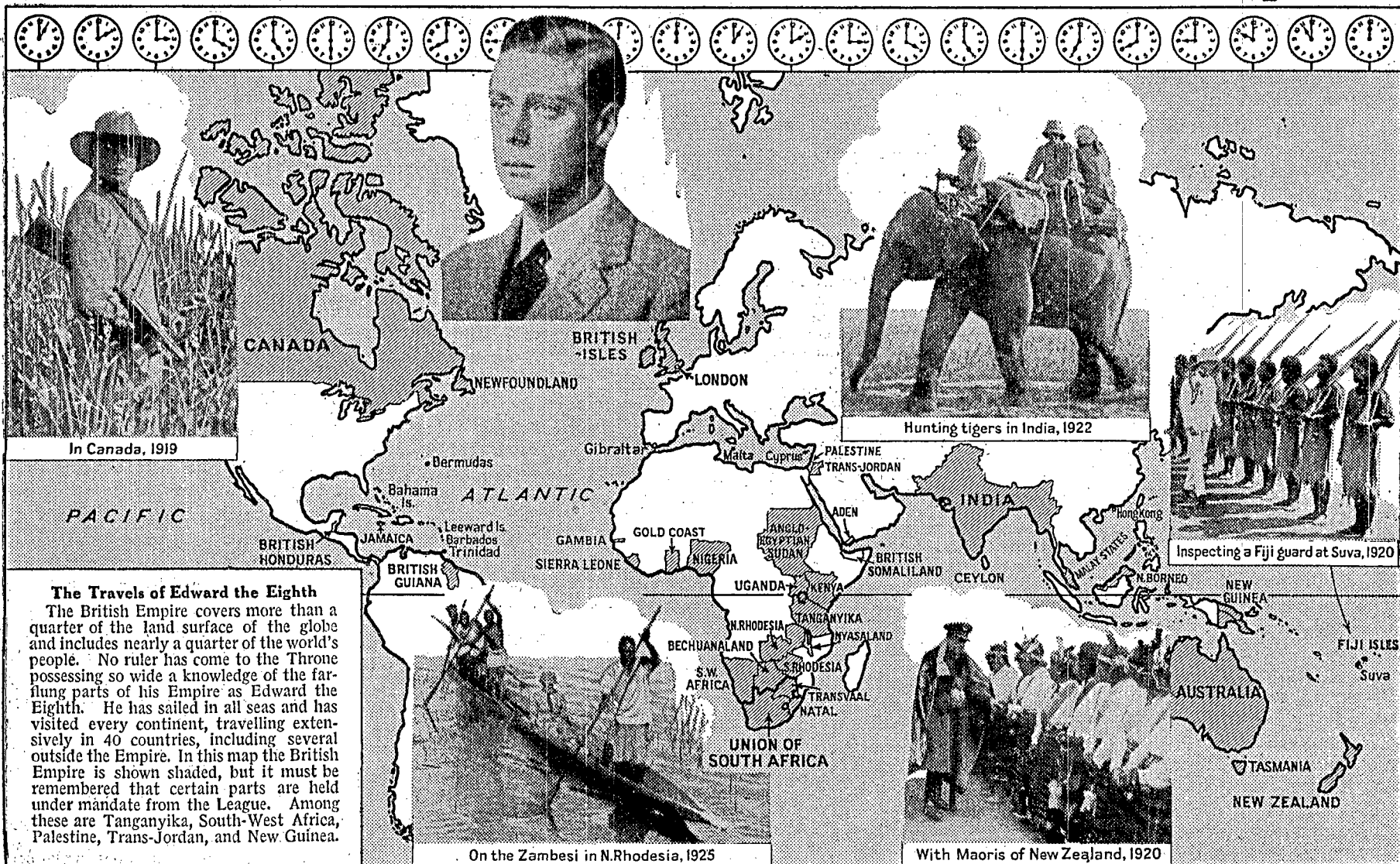
It is a pleasant idea, and we hope it will prove more infectious than measles.

BAD NEWS FOR COWARDS

There is bad news for a certain type of coward who delights to smash property and assault policemen.

In Cairo the police have started to spray rowdies with a harmless coloured liquid. It was used the other day on a mob of students who were stoning the police, and there was no difficulty in identifying the culprits afterwards.

The King Who Has Been All Over His Vast Empire



The Travels of Edward the Eighth

The British Empire covers more than a quarter of the land surface of the globe and includes nearly a quarter of the world's people. No ruler has come to the Throne possessing so wide a knowledge of the far-flung parts of his Empire as Edward the Eighth. He has sailed in all seas and has visited every continent, travelling extensively in 40 countries, including several outside the Empire. In this map the British Empire is shown shaded, but it must be remembered that certain parts are held under mandate from the League. Among these are Tanganyika, South-West Africa, Palestine, Trans-Jordan, and New Guinea.

MORE BOMBS FOR THE BIRDS

Keep Your Eye on the Air Ministry

After annexing the Chesil Bank as a suitable neighbourhood for bombing practice the Air Ministry appears to have sought the coast of Northumberland for further experiments.

The area of Goswick Sands and Budle Bay is the chosen breeding ground of many wild and rare sea birds. The Farne Islands near by have been preserved by the National Trust as a bird sanctuary. There will not be much sanctuary left for birds when bombs are bursting near their nests.

We consider the scheme a very ungenerous return to those who subscribed to preserve these islands for the nation.

But the Air Ministry holds itself remote from such weak consideration for wild life and ancient peace. If we do not watch it it will want the Dome of St Paul's for a Signalling Station.

LET US HAVE QUIET SCHOOLS

We are glad the Anti-Noise Society have turned their attention to schools.

They seem to think it is unnecessary to add to the noise so naturally made by boys and girls in high pursuit of learning.

For example, they ask, why use the modern hard plasters? These make walls which cause high reverberations and turn one voice into many. The old-fashioned lime-and-hair plaster is quiet and much warmer.

The committee also suggests upholstered seats, which not only reduce noise but reduce the wear-and-tear of clothes.

Your Share of the Peace of the World

For 11s a year you may send the C N each week to any child on Earth

BETTER THAN WAR

The Good Work Mussolini Does

We are glad to note that Italy's war on Abyssinia is not being allowed to interfere with the work she has been doing in reclaiming the Pontine marshes.

The third Pontine City, named Pontina, has been inaugurated. The other two, Littoria and Sabaudia, were completed in 1932 and 1934, and two others are to follow—Aprilia this year and Pomezia next.

The work has been carried out by the National Foundation of ex-service men, who have drained and brought under cultivation 187,000 acres of land which for 2000 years had been a waste.

The lands are now dotted with 2173 farmhouses with a population of 22,600; 350 miles of main roads have been built and 250 miles of branch roads. Over ten thousand tons of grain were harvested in 1935, 17,000 head of cattle graze on the pastures, and there are 8000 pigs and 130,000 other animals.

A COUNTY OF FLOWERS

In four years Lincolnshire has become as famous for spring flowers as the Scilly Isles.

Since 1931 cut flowers bought from foreign countries have been reduced to less than a quarter, and at the height of the season Lincolnshire sends a hundred tons a day of tulips and narcissi to market. A 6000-ton crop is gathered in the Spalding market alone.

ONE MORE THING BETTER DONE

In future South African cattle will travel to market in comfort.

Padded trucks are being provided for livestock by the Railway Administration, and if the train jolts they will bump against bolsters filled with horse-hair and fitted to the sides of the trucks.

Faster trains are also being provided for them so that they need not be fed and watered; thus long delays will be avoided.

POST OFFICE STAFF

Is It Big Enough?

We see with interest that the number of employees in the Post Office in October 1935 was 241,560, an increase of 9000 since October 1934.

Many are industrial employees who come little before the public eye.

Is the Post Office understaffed? We ask because, while the increase in aggregate employees seems small, the work at the post offices seems to be greater than the employees can wrestle with.

Again and again we have to wait at crowded counters while harassed attendants hand out stamps, licences, pensions, and certificates, receive or pay out bank money, send off telegrams, deal with messengers and parcels, and issue or pay postal and money orders.

The crowds increase; the business multiplies. The work visible to our eyes must correspond to increases in the unseen work behind the scenes. The staff is almost the same as it was in 1931. Is that right?

A NOTE FOR NELSON

Skipper Hoste was the nickname of Captain Henry Hoste, a South African pioneer who has died at Salisbury.

He was a link with Nelson, for his great uncle, Admiral Sir William Hoste, when he became a midshipman, was put into a coach and sent to port with a label round his neck addressed to Nelson.

Skipper Hoste had an adventurous life. It was he who cut a pole for the first Union Jack to be flown over Salisbury.

THE SALMON AND THE CROW

Some visitors who had come to watch the salmon-leaping at Goldstream, near Victoria, British Columbia, saw a strange sight—a crow swooping down from above the river, and a huge salmon leaping out of the water, grabbing it, and pulling it under. Later the crow was found farther downstream.

MORE MONEY FOR WOOL GROWERS

Another Million Pounds For New Zealand

New Zealand sheep farmers, who shear about 30 million sheep every year, started this year in a merrier mood than for some years past, for the price of wool was up.

New Year comes in midsummer for lands in the southern hemisphere, so that New Zealand's sheep are shorn of their woolly winter coats during the last few months of the year. Much of the wool is sold by auction at wool sales held in the principal towns of New Zealand during the summer. Wool buyers from all over the world attend these sales.

Thanks to a rise in the price of wool the money paid out to wool growers in New Zealand after the first six wool sales was £1,750,000, a million pounds more than was paid out the year before.

Why has the price of wool been higher? One reason is that there is now a widespread demand for more wool. Japan and the United States are two countries which have been buying more New Zealand wool.

111

"God's goodness and plenty of hard work" is how Miss Hannah Farrell, an Irish lady of Dundrum near Dublin, accounts for her long life.

She has celebrated her 111th birthday. For nearly 60 years her needle was busy, for she was a dressmaker. She was over a hundred when she travelled for the first time on a tram.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Bubastis	Bu-bas-tis
Procyon	Pro-se-on
Siena	Se-ay-nah
Szechwan	Say-choo-ahn
Venezuela	Ven-e-zwee-lah
Goshen	Go-shen

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 8

1936

The King, God Bless Him

I am determined to follow in my father's footsteps.

THEY are King Edward's words, and he could give no pledge of brighter promise to his people or the world. In the last message of King George to which the world listened he said it was good to think that our own family of peoples was at peace in itself and united in one desire to be at peace with other nations, friend of all and enemy of none.

When the life of that good and kindly man had drawn peacefully to its close his words were not forgotten. At his passing it seemed as if the nations had united in a Silence where for a brief space their enmities and rivalries were stilled. It was a silence broken only by praise of him welling up unasked from the hearts of men.

Everywhere the people and their rulers placed themselves in spirit beside the mourning multitudes in England. These things pass but they are not lost, and they show that the things uniting men and nations are deeper set in the human heart and mind than the things that divide. A life nobly lived is noble to all peoples.

With that knowledge and example to guide him King Edward sets out on a task that may well carry with it a worldwide hope. None can tell what measure of success will attend it or what disappointments will be met with on the way, but he will not fail for want of trying.

This young King has lit the lamp of Toc H in many lands. From that tiny flame spread brotherliness and service. It is a symbol of the hope in his heart that the spirit of Toc H may be a light to lighten the world.

There are many hopes that the King, who as Prince was tireless in seeking to know all men and all peoples, will not be content with a splendid isolation in his island kingdom, but will seek to renew old friendships in both hemispheres.

India will see him again, the Dominions will ask for him and will surely see him. Among all those peoples of the British Commonwealth of Nations he will be an old familiar friend when he goes to be crowned in their own capitals. But he will not be content with that. He will seek to widen the circle.

There is a saying thousands of years old that to the brave man all the world is his native land, and it may prove to be so for King Edward the Eighth. He used to be called our best Ambassador. He may win a prouder title still as the world's Ambassador of Peace.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters, of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Book of Time

SIR JAMES JEANS has given us a striking word-picture of the vastness of Time.

A fairly lengthy book has about 200,000 words averaging five letters apiece. Take the whole book to represent the age of the Earth. Then all civilisation occupies no more than the last word or two, and the whole of the Christian Era by something less than the last letter. A lifetime is a good deal less than the full stop with which the book ends.

But the whole age of the Universe, of which the Earth is one planet, would be represented by a library of thousands of volumes.

The Four Brothers

WHAT are the pictures of these days that will live in history?

One we may all be sure of—the guarding of King George's coffin in Westminster Hall by King Edward and his brothers.

We do not recall a lovelier thought in all the pageant of these times.

A Loyal Subject

TWO little children were talking together as they played on the nursery floor.

Said the boy, aged six: "You know, Ann Elizabeth, we've got to be thankful for our new King."

But the girl, who is not four, replied, "I can't, Brüdger. I've used up all my thankfulness for the old King."

Mighty is the power of goodness, which can reach the heart of so young a child and awaken in it the most gracious of the virtues, Gratitude.

Prayer For The King

During the past few weeks practically every great Prayer Book in the churches has been altered by hand, with the name of the new King written in red ink.

Among the lovely petitions offered for him is this:

THAT it may please Thee to keep and strengthen in the true worshipping of Thee, in righteousness and holiness of life, Thy servant Edward, our most gracious King and Governor; that it may please Thee to rule his heart in Thy faith, fear, and love, and that he may evermore have affiance in Thee, and ever seek Thy honour and glory; that it may please Thee to be his defender and keeper, giving him the victory over all his enemies, we beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord!

That prayer, first uttered by clergy and congregations for Queen Elizabeth, has been raised for over three and a half centuries, and never with greater fervour than now.

A Word From Mazzini

To Mussolini

There is no peace, but a long and veiled war, wherever tyranny is dominant.

If He Were Rich

A FAMOUS novelist has confided to his friends that if he became really wealthy he would love to start a club in every village with at least two apartments.

One would have chairs and a fire where comrades could rest and talk; the other would be a place for having pleasant meals.

How these places would be haunted by the vast mass of lads and lassies whose only refuge now from the wind and the rain is the kinema, where, after all, they cannot do much talking.

But we understand that many of our kinemas have rest rooms which are now quite popular—an excellent idea.

Tip-Cat

A RETIRED man intends to spend the rest of his life on the ocean. Yet he says nothing makes him cross.

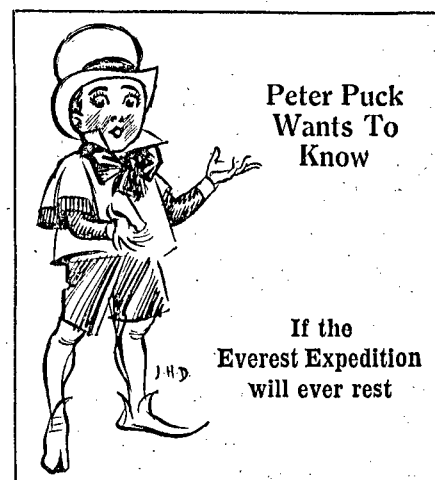
HATS are going to be flatter. You will get them with half a crown.

AN Irishman doesn't believe in taking things lying down. Except sleep.

IF you have a cold you feel out of things. And want to stay in.

THE world is bored with strong men. They usually want to drill it.

FLOWERS hide the design of a garden. By design.



THE whole of a Midland village is to come under the hammer. But its inhabitants don't expect to be driven home.

DANCES are being called balls once more. Fashions always come round again.

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL is removing 100 ugly advertisements from petrol stations.

THE UNION JACK flew on every German ship for King George's funeral.

THE Admiralty staff has adopted Tyneside, offering a first contribution of £500.

JUST AN IDEA

It is a good saying that a good deed is twice done when the right hand knows not what the left hand doeth.

The Bird Island Near Charing Cross

We have come upon this little picture of the fascinating bird island not far from Charing Cross. It is from Lord Grey's book on The Charm of Birds.

WHEN I was first in office and kept in London I made acquaintance with the man who then looked after the waterfowl in St James's Park, and lived across the isthmus that is opposite the windows of the Foreign Office. At his cottage I used to call to hear news of the breeding waterfowl, and he would show me various nests.

One morning, as he was taking me round the island, he pointed out a dabchick's nest attached to some willow branches that hung into the water. When we came near he exclaimed that the eggs must have hatched since he had seen the nest earlier in the morning, for the nest was now empty. We heard a curious little noise on the water, and, looking out beyond the branches, saw the parent dabchick and her lately-hatched young ones.

Being suspicious of us she had warned the young ones, and now presented her body to them as they sat in the water. Instinct told them what was required: each bird got on the back of the old one, and was there covered by her folded wings. When all the young had mounted the parent swam away with her whole family compact, concealed, and safe.

Starting Jack

THE other day one of our correspondents came upon a young author sitting with his writing-pad in front of him.

"I have promised to write a story for the school magazine," said he. "I've got an idea, but can't start. I never have written a tale before."

In half an hour he was still sitting there, and our correspondent wrote on a slip of paper

Overnight a schooner had come into the bay

and laid it silently at his side. In a few minutes the pencil was going, and the story was finished by supper-time.

But it was not any credit to our correspondent. Long ago Robert Louis Stevenson suggested this fruitful sentence.

Mark Twain's Good-Night

THE Poet Laureate has suggested that there should be in London some memorial of the kindly American humorist Mark Twain, whose centenary has just been kept.

This is what Mark Twain wrote for his wife's tomb:

Warm summer sun,
Shine kindly here.
Warm southern wind,
Blow softly here.

Green sod above,
Lie light, lie light.
Good-night, dear heart,
Good-night, good-night.

MR SANDS STOOD FAST

Hero of an Island Hurricane

THE WIRELESS OPERATOR AT HIS POST

Mr Sands is a coloured wireless operator, and something of a hero.

He is stationed at Governor's Harbour on Eleuthera, an island in the Bahamas. The wireless station is on a narrow spit of land separated from the mainland by a causeway over which the waves tumble when a stiff breeze is blowing. It is a fearsome spot in a storm.

Last autumn a wireless message warned Eleuthera that a hurricane was approaching the island. The unfortunate people knew only too well what to expect. Their houses would be smashed, their loved ones crushed to death or drowned, and their crops ruined.

This island, 125 miles long and only two miles wide in most places, has one main industry, the production of tomatoes for the Canadian market, and the salt spray hurled across the island by the hurricane would kill the vines.

Surrounded By Boiling Seas

Directly the news of the hurricane's approach was known everyone set to work feverishly to batten up doors and windows. Those who lived on little spits of land packed up their most valuable possessions and staggered with them to the mainland. Everyone got as far as he could from the angry sea.

All except Mr Sands, the wireless operator. He remained at his dangerous post, shut up in his station on the spit of land, surrounded by boiling seas.

He had a wife and children on the mainland. He must have longed to hurry to them at the first warning; only too well he knew their peril. But neither for his children's safety nor his own would he leave his post.

It must have been a hard thing to wait there alone for the hurricane to smash the station and end his life. But Mr Sands said his prayers and stood fast.

The hurricane came raging on at 120 miles an hour, but, happily for him, it changed its course to south-west, sparing Eleuthera and laying waste the neighbouring island of Abaco instead.

Homesteads Blown Flat

"Nothing could be seen," said an onlooker, "but ruined homesteads blown flat to the earth, and a pine forest stripped of its branches, leaving the naked tree trunks like match stalks glinting in the sun. Some of our people had been drowned as the sea beat down upon them, and the rest left derelict, for every vestige of civilisation had disappeared." That is the thing that Mr Sands waited for.

His staunchness is mentioned in the January issue of Kingdom Overseas, and there we learn that the *West Indian hurricane season runs from August to November, and few people breathe quite freely till the time is over.*

Who that reads this will grumble about the English climate again?

A NATURE RIDDLE

Starfish Far From the Sea

How did they get there? was the question on everybody's tongue when workmen making a cutting for a railway near Auckland, New Zealand, found two fossilised starfish embedded in the rock.

Mercer, the scene of the discovery, is about 40 miles from the sea, and perhaps the answer to this riddle of Nature is that ages ago New Zealand was submerged beneath the waves, and then the waters receded or the land was raised, leaving the starfish high and dry to become fossils.

QUEEN MARY TO YOU

The Perfect Letter

Many things are happening that have never happened before, and we believe that never before has so simple a message been sent to the British people as Queen Mary's message of thanks.

We reproduce it below as one of the very few royal documents that even a child can understand. We who have been trying all our lives to make things simple find Queen Mary's letter simpler than the C.N. itself. "The simplest words are the best," Queen Mary says, and she has proved herself a master of simplicity.

It is almost a one-syllable letter, for five out of six words in it have only one syllable in them. About half of it is made up of words of five letters, and the few words that are longer are familiar words that every child knows.

Yet Queen Mary has managed to write so simply with very little repetition: twice she speaks of love and loyalty and three times we find the three great words, Sympathy, Sorrow, and Gratitude. Always Her Majesty finds just the right word, and some of her sentences have the simple flow of a Bible phrase—such, for instance, as "No words can tell how I shall miss him."

A Message of Gratitude

This is the Queen's letter, sent from Buckingham Palace:

I must send to you, the people of this nation and empire, a message of my deepest gratitude for all the sympathy with which at this time of sorrow you have surrounded me.

It is indeed a gratitude so deep that I cannot find words to express it. But the simplest words are the best. I can only say, with all my heart, I thank you.

In my own great sorrow I have been upheld not only by the strength of your sympathy, but also by the knowledge that you have shared my grief. For I have been deeply moved by the signs so full and touching that the passing of my dear husband has brought a real sense of personal sorrow to all his subjects.

In the midst of my grief I rejoice to think that after his reign of twenty-five years he lived to know that he had received the reward in overflowing measure of the loyalty and love of his people.

Although he will be no longer at my side—and no words can tell how I shall miss him—I trust that with God's help I may still be able to continue some part at least of the service which for forty-two years of happy married life we tried together to give to this great land and empire.

During the coming years, with all the changes which they must bring, you will, I know, let me have a place in your thoughts and prayers.

I commend to you my dear son as he enters upon his reign, in confident hope that you will give to him the same devotion and loyalty which you gave so abundantly to his father.

God bless you, dear people, for all the wonderful love and sympathy with which you have sustained me. MARY

Is that not a beautiful trinity of affection—her dear husband, her dear son, and her dear people?

THE SILENT TYPING ROOM

A big insurance company, the Eagle Star, has fitted up a sound-absorbing typist's office.

The walls and ceiling and floor are rubber lined, with the result that the noise of 70 typewriters is so subdued that the operators can hear each other speak without raising their voices.

THE STATELY MARCH

Chopin and His Story THE POLES AND THEIR GREAT MASTER

The captains and the kings depart, and we are left to our memories and our hopes.

For our departing friends, especially those from Poland and Russia, one thing woven into the sad and lovely pageantry of the royal funeral will remain as a memory of an unforgettable day.

In addition to the stately Dead March by Handel they heard the exquisitely moving Funeral March of Poland's supreme musical genius, Frederic Chopin, played in a foreign capital by English masters of music.

We have no great English music for the dead; such things rise from inspiration, not by invitation or command. Our sole British contribution of international standing to the sorrows of the bereaved is the Scots pipe lament, The Flowers of the Forest, written two centuries after the event to mourn Scotland's defeat on Flodden Field.

The Besieged City

The sound of Chopin's March and the sight of the multitudes in our streets must have recalled to Poles and Russians one of the most moving tragedies in their history, a tragedy in which Chopin had a place of pathetic honour unique of its kind.

When the Great War came that part of Poland of which Warsaw was capital still belonged to Russia, and Poles fought for her.

After three sieges the city was doomed to capture, so for three weeks Warsaw prepared for an exodus unprecedented in modern history; 400,000 people made ready to quit the city and wander forth into the wilds. To that end they destroyed all that might have military value for the conquerors and took with them all that was sacred in their churches.

Chopin's Heart

Dearest of their churches was St Cross, for that was sacred to Chopin. He died in Paris in 1849, and was buried there with a goblet in his grave containing Polish earth, which he had always carried with him in his wanderings, even when he was happy and honoured in England.

Thirty years after his burial his body was removed to Warsaw and laid under the altar of St Cross. Now, when the great agony of flight was upon them, the Poles remembered their best-loved maker of melody, and before the retreating army blew up the three bridges across the Vistula they had carried with them the urn in which was the heart of Chopin.

HOT-WATER BOTTLES IN THE SEED-BED

A new idea in British agriculture is hot-water bottles for the beds of baby plants.

The soil of open fields is warmed, either by hot water running through pipes from self-acting coke boilers or by heat from flexible electric wires laid in the ground.

Young plants develop with marked rapidity under this treatment and crop more abundantly than those left to Nature alone. Of course, under glass and with a suitable temperature we can grow practically anything, from tropical orchids and cactuses to mid-winter strawberries, bananas, and pine-apples; but until now farmers had not thought of warming the outdoor beds of their crops.

There remain untimely frosts and east winds which nip and shrivel foliage, but the stronger the plant the higher its resistance, so perhaps warm roots may help in this direction also.

A CHARING CROSS SHOW

Glimpse of the Distressed Areas

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Charing Cross Underground Station, which, thanks to the great public spirit of the London Transport Board, is becoming one of our interesting show places, has now an exhibition meant to interest us in the Distressed Areas.

Here in this busy centre of London is an epitome of what the Distressed Areas are today, with their silent factories and wharves and their pathetic brave-looking workers, and also of what is being done to fit young and old for new tasks and to keep them well and happy. There are photographs of men and women learning fresh crafts and building rural homesteads, of children being taught to cook, and of games and sports.

In addition to these pictures are cases of objects made in the homes and workshops of these people. Few of us can afford a battleship from the Tyne, but there are many things of use and beauty we can buy. London especially should do all it can, so great is the contrast between it and these three Areas. They have only seven per cent of the people of England and Wales but 20 per cent of the total workless, whereas London has three times their number of people but not half as many idle.

We noticed at the exhibition announcements of four ways of helping the Areas to revive.

The setting up of new light industries in them;

The giving of work elsewhere to people from these Areas;

The purchase of domestic goods made in them;

The spending of money by holiday-makers in these Areas.

May we endorse the appeal of Mr Malcolm Stewart, the Special Commissioner, to spend a holiday in one of the Areas, and so do our bit toward their revival? No stay in these Areas need be depressing, for their towns are set in regions with some of the most delightful coast and inland villages.

THE KINEMA TRAIN

The kinema continues to conquer the world of vision.

It is to be found in mining camps, in remote Asia, in Abyssinia, in the Arctic Circle. It flourishes in ocean ships and in long-distance railway trains.

The first British railway travelling Talkie News Theatre has long passed its thousandth performance between London and Leeds. Since this feature was introduced in June last the Kinema Coach has travelled over 60,000 miles, and the shows have been seen by 16,000 passengers.

Tip-up seats for an audience of 48 are fitted on a sloping floor of the 60-foot long Kinema Coach, which has sound insulated walls and a screen 6 feet square. Non-inflammable films are used. The performances last for one hour, and the admission fee is a shilling.

THE HAPPY BANTU FOLK

Bantu literature is making a promising start, thanks to the Mary Esther Bedford Fund for encouraging art and literature among Africans.

Some excellent results were produced by the 1935 competition. R. Mazibuko, a Bantu girl, won a prize for Tales of Swaziland and Hubiland, written in Zulu with an English translation.

So widespread is the love of music that the Transvaal African Elstedfodd is one of the great events of the year, and choirs of enthusiastic black men and women travelled to Johannesburg to take part in the festival.

An Evening Prayer in Madeira



A beautiful study of a peasant woman among the mountains of Madeira.

THE NEW ALCHEMIST

Beginning To Weigh His Gains

FIRST CASES OF THEIR KIND

By Our Scientific Correspondent

One of the most romantic features of all the new discoveries in alchemy, the changing of the elements one into another, is the terrific effort needed to produce the tiniest particle of matter by transmutation.

Whereas the old alchemists dreamed of changing dross into gold by the mere heating of it in a crucible, we read now of a monster electrostatic machine built for creating an electric current of ten million volts potential. This tremendous voltage, produced by a huge machine just erected in Massachusetts, is to be used for bombarding atoms and changing perhaps one atom in a million from one element into another. With all the modern paraphernalia of the alchemists of today the actual amount of matter made by transmutation has been so small that until recently it could never be measured by weight.

A British Triumph

The changing of one element into another since the discovery of artificial radio-activity, however, has become much easier. The first instance of making a product by transmutation in sufficient quantity to measure it by chemical analysis has now been recorded.

It is a British triumph, and is the production of helium from boron at the Imperial College of Science by Professor Paneth and Mr Loleit. The crucible of these modern alchemists was a copper sphere six inches in diameter; the boron compound was bombarded in it with neutrons for seven weeks, and the amount of boron transmuted into helium was actually measured by weight, the first instance in history where the man-made gains have been "weighed and counted."

This remarkable work marks the beginning of modern alchemy, and no man can tell where it will end or whither it will lead.

EAT WHEN HUNGRY

Five Meals a Day

A very old-fashioned piece of advice, to eat when you are hungry, has just received a scientific blessing.

The blessing comes from America, for a long time past the home of authorities who tell us what to eat, how much or how little, and why. Two professors of Yale University, where experiments on food are tried on docile students, have satisfied themselves that working men and growing boys and girls should eat well and eat often.

Some of the conclusions revealed by Dr Haggard and Dr Greenberg are astonishing though they have been confirmed by experiments on hundreds of people over a period of two years. For example, they tell us that a man or a boy can exert more muscular power after breakfast than before it.

What they call the before-breakfast level is the lowest of the day. For a growing boy or a working man three meals a day are not enough. He wants five, because otherwise the intervals between meals are too long. He does not necessarily need more food, but he wants smaller amounts at more frequent intervals.

The professors will have nothing to say to the old idea that the stomach wants a long rest between meals. The stomach does not want a rest, and does not rest when it is empty.

But schoolboys who see in the professors' ideas an invitation to seek the tuck-shop are rejoicing too soon, for a special warning is given against sweets, pastry, and ice-cream.

Our Eight



Edward the First



Edward the Second



Edward the Fifth



Edward the Sixth

LONG LINE OF

EDWARD is a thrilling name on our roll of kings, and a good name too.

In its original Saxon it means Guardian of Prosperity—and not only prosperity but happiness. Alfred's brave son and two other Saxon kings were Edwards, indeed our best-known Edwards began with the Edward who rebuilt the old Abbey at Westminster.

The first of the Saxon Edwards was Alfred's son, who shared the Throne with Alfred and carried on his father's task for 25 years after his death. He launched his father's fleet, our first British navy, and drove the Danish pirates from our shores. We can still stand on the mounds he raised and jump into the ditches he dug in many an English shire.

One chronicler refers to him as our Unconquered King, and another tells us that he was the first who ruled Angles and Saxons as one people, while both the Scots and the Welsh kings owned him as their lord.

Dane and Saxon lived at peace when Edward the Confessor was chosen king. He was a feeble ruler, encouraging Norman favourites at the expense of his fellow countrymen; yet he won the halo of a saint (because he rebuilt the Abbey) and the fame of a law-giver.

Some 200 years after his death Henry the Third again rebuilt the Abbey, and set within it a golden shrine in the Confessor's memory. Edward the First, Henry's son, was equally enthusiastic about the Abbey, completed the rebuilding, and set up in it exquisite tombs for his father and Queen Eleanor.

Happy in his English name, Edward was the first ruler since the Conquest to speak English. No wonder he became a national figure.

Fashioning a New England

His youth was spent in strife with barons who resented his father's follies. Having settled their quarrels, he went on a Crusade, was wounded at Acre, and returned to find the Throne waiting for him. He set to work to fashion a new England, the constitutional England in which we live.

He made every class do its duty. He dismissed corrupt judges and reorganised courts and assizes. He forced reluctant clerics to share the national burdens and held in check the growing power of Rome. "That which touches all should be approved by all," he said, in establishing his model Parliament, in which knights sat with plain townsmen. So he secured the House of Commons for ever.

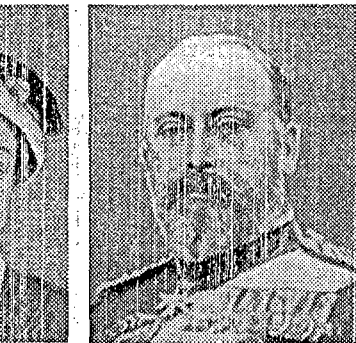
He subdued a hostile Wales with one hand and with the other gave it the first Prince of Wales, who could speak no English.

Edward the Second failed because he lacked the moral purpose of his father,

Edwards



Edward the Third Edward the Fourth



Edward the Sixth Edward the Seventh

MOUS KINGS

his son Edward the Third did in many of the great qualities of his grandfather. At 18 he overthrew tyrannous guardians, summoned parliament, and in four splendid years forced his ruined land. Even Scotland yielded to his perseverance when he assailed our coasts.

Edward pitted the seamen and the men of a democratic country against French nobles and their retainers. On the battlefields of Crecy and Poitiers he showed their prowess and secured for our land trade as well as respect abroad. Things were encouraged to come over, our great wool trade thrived. It was this king who rebuked the greed of Pope, saying "The successor of the apostles was set over the Lord's sheep to feed and not to shear them." His parliament passed laws which anticipated those of Henry the Eighth. He gave us Chaucer and Wycliffe, but he also experienced the Black Death.

Edward the Fourth

mid the welter of the Wars of the Roses our fourth Edward seized the throne for the House of York. A virile, merciless warrior, he was handsome and charming. A wealthy despot, he took the Crown from the power of the Lancastrians, whom he shocked by his marriage to the widow of a knight. He encouraged commerce, avoided wars, and patronized Caxton; but he was self-indulgent and died at 40, leaving a son too young to withstand the domination of his notorious uncle Richard III, who had the little prince executed in the Tower.

Edward the Sixth stands even more than his tumultuous father for the establishment of Protestant worship in churches. Cranmer crowned him a boy of nine and prepared his first Prayer Book. In his reign and became a safe refuge for men persecuted for their religion. Influenced by Bishop Ridley, this studious boy-king established hospitals and schools, the first of the great School among them.

Edward the Seventh all the world remembers. He helped the cause of peace in a world already becoming restless. He recognised his constitutional powers and limitations, and so he laid the Throne for this country by setting a precedent for his son King George to follow. He signed the Act of Union which united Britain and Boer in a self-governing Dominion, did his best to curb the pretensions of the Peers, brought the idea of peace into the forefront of world politics, and stands in history by the name he bore at his birth, Edward the Peacemaker.

and now we have his grandson as our King Edward, and long and peacefully may he reign.

STANDING ROOM ONLY

The Other Land of China

NOT SO ROMANTIC AS THE PICTURES

China is far from being the romantic land it appears in the pictures on the walls of the Chinese Exhibition.

These beautiful paintings, which have altered little in subject for a thousand years, depict it as a country of mist-wreathed mountain and tree-clad hill, with swift rivers in between. The rivers are real, so are the mountainous places, but from most of China they are dolefully absent.

Two-thirds of China is cultivated as no land has ever been cultivated before. The principal of a Chinese college in one of the cities surprised us some time ago by saying he never went walking in the country for there was nowhere to walk.

It is true. Professor E. A. Ross, in a recent account of China, described it as a land where there was standing room only. There are no roadsides, no commons, no waste land, no groves or orchards, not even a backyard or a cow-pen. Every outdoor spot large enough to spread a blanket on is growing something.

Of pasture or meadow there is none, for land is too precious to be used in growing food for animals. Even on the boulder-strewn hills there is no grazing except for goats, for where a cow can crop herbage a man can grow a hill of corn.

Throughout the rice zone the roads are mere footpaths, one to three feet wide, and the farmers nibble these away till the paving-stones tilt and sink dismally into the ricefields.

It is a strange thought that this land, which has always toiled so hard to find food to keep body and soul together, should have produced for centuries such masterpieces of art and beauty.

THE LONG TALE OF NELSON'S COLUMN

The Cabinet is still considering with the First Commissioner of Works the site and character of the monument with which we are to honour the memory of Lord Jellicoe. The work is expected to cost about £7000, which is not nearly half that spent on the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square; but that was a work raised, not by the generation of the victor of Trafalgar, but by the next.

After his splendid funeral at St Paul's Nelson was forgotten until, 32 years later, when Trafalgar Square was being laid out, a suggestion was made in the Press that the time and situation were both favourable for celebrating him permanently.

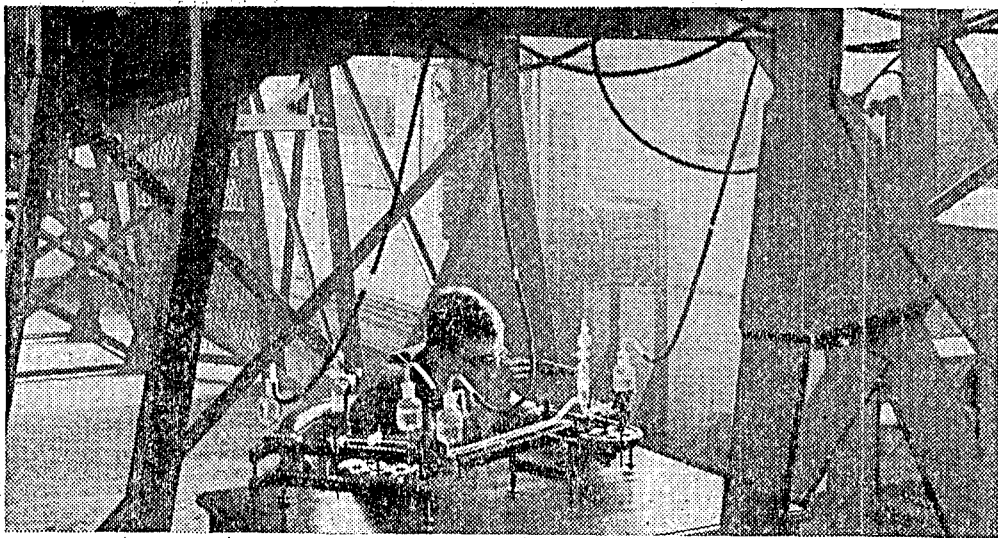
Three years after that the commission for the column was placed, and, at a cost of £17,860, the work was begun in 1840. Month after month the labour lagged, and after three years Punch had a series of diverting verses on the subject in which the mason and his boy tell in turn of their woeful delays, concluding in a joint lament:

*We remember, we remember
When St Martin's bells were rung,
In the laying of the first stone, for
We both were very young.
But weary years have passed now
Since we our work begun;
We fear we shall not last now
To see our labour done.*

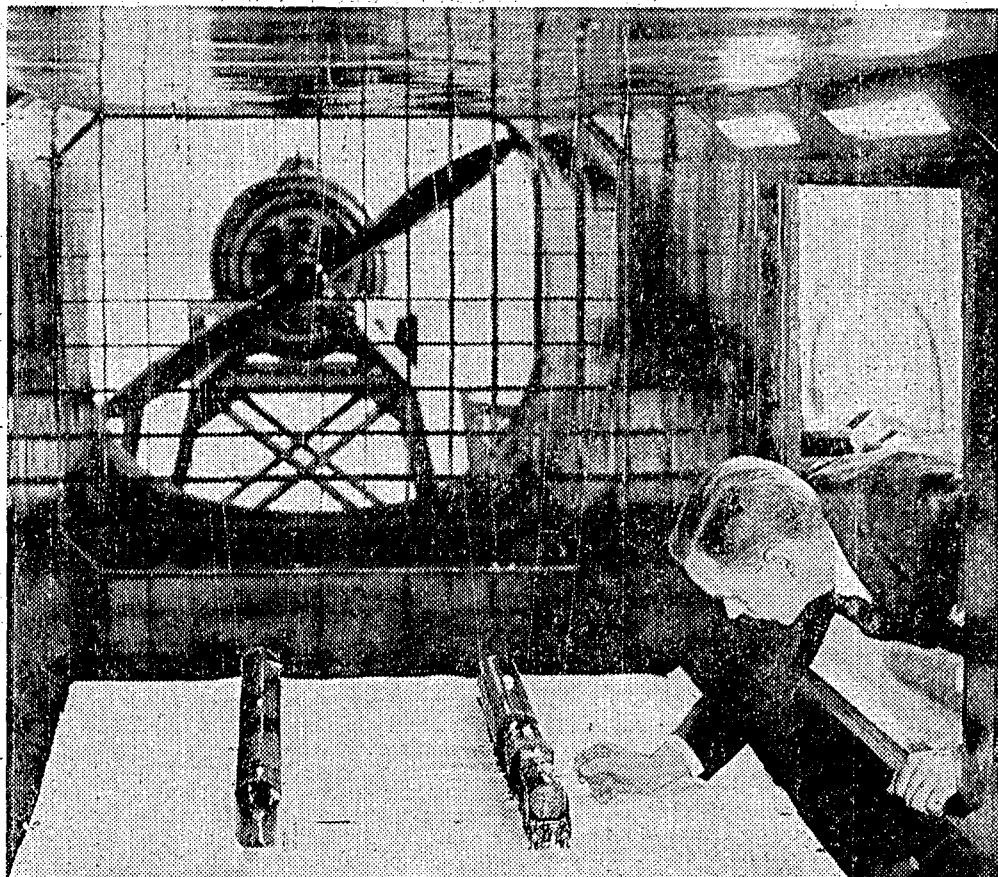
They did live to see their task completed, however, for the monument, 17 feet 4 inches high and weighing 18 tons, was raised, block by block, to the top of its 145-foot column on November 3, 1843; but the Landseer lions were not added till 1867.

A Braille edition of Mr. J. A. Spender's Short History of Our Times has just been issued for the blind.

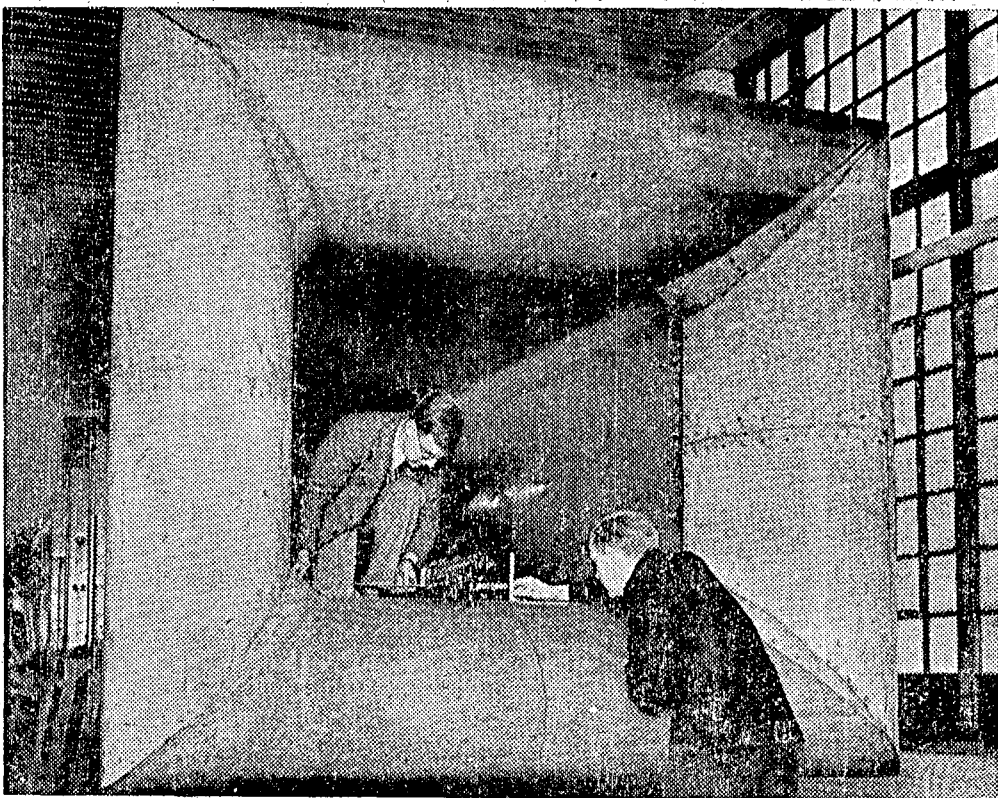
Testing Trains in a Wind Tunnel



Apparatus for measuring air resistance in the new wind tunnel at the Derby works of the L M S Railway. The apparatus is situated beneath the wind tunnel shown in the pictures below.



Models of a streamlined and a standard type train inside the wind tunnel, which is the first of its kind in England. The propeller for creating the wind is seen in the background.



A scale model of an L M S Pacific type engine being made ready for its test in the wind tunnel.

BIRD AND BADGER

Partners in Search of Honey

TREASURE HID IN A TREE

Kambole is the honey badger of South Africa and Mayimba the honey bird.

They are partners, and Mr Don Selchow, a traveller in Northern Rhodesia, brings back the strange tale of their honey-seeking together.

While Mr Selchow was trekking through the bush his native porters excitedly called him to look at a hole in the ground of a small clearing. "Kambole!" they cried, and invited him to smell. He did, and from it came a strong odour of fermenting honey. Then he learned for the first time all about Kambole and Mayimba.

A Funny-Looking Creature

Kambole is a funny-looking creature with a black back and grey underneath, and short powerful legs armed with claws. He is a tremendous digger and can claw his way through anything. Iron bars will hardly make a cage for Kambole, as some of the South African zoos have found, though in captivity he is a good-natured pet.

Kambole's delight in life is honey and its fermented liquor; but his short legs make him a slow mover, and he is rather too indolent to go far in search of these delicacies. Here is where Mayimba the honey bird is the ideal partner.

Mayimba will flit miles over the bush seeking for the honeycombs of the wild bees, usually secreted in tree trunks with an opening no bigger than the width of a finger. When he has found one he seeks Kambole, and with excited chattering like that of a squirrel rouses him to action.

Mayimba is a brownish bird not much bigger than a sparrow, but very persistent. At last he persuades Kambole to follow him on foot while he circles backward and forward on the wing till the hoard of honey is reached. Kambole sets to work at once tearing through the bark of the tree, quite unmindful of the stings of the angry bees, which have small effect on his thick, bristly hide.

Kambole's Housebreaking

Mayimba meanwhile perches, chattering all the while, on the bough of a neighbouring tree, where he is safe from the stings, though he is an accessory before the crime of Kambole's housebreaking.

At last the honey is laid bare, the honeycomb scattered, and Mayimba takes his share. He deals with it on the spot. Kambole, more prudent, usually takes away a section of the honeycomb and hides it.

This is the explanation of the strongly-smelling hole in the ground which Mr Selchow found. Kambole digs it with his strong claws, though sometimes he will hide the honey in the trunk of an old tree.

When it is left in the ground the rains get at it and ferment it to a brew that Kambole finds very pleasant. The scratchings all round the hole are the witness to his rather unrestrained indulgence in it.

EVERYONE SAID TO

HIS BROTHER

Be of Good Courage

THE GOOD SAMARITANS OF SOUTH AFRICA

A few weeks ago the C N quoted from Isaiah this famous sentence:

They helped every one his neighbour; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage.

It seemed to a farmer who reads the C N on his farm not far from the Kruger National Park in South Africa that the words came to him as an inspiration, for his house and buildings had just been burned down, and he was moved to send us this story of what happened.

The roar of the flames could be heard a mile away, and from every stadt and hut the native women ran as fast as their heavy anklets and beaded cotton kilts would allow them. Most of the men were away, but the women ran in and out of the burning house, snatching up armfuls of clothes and saving whatever they could. They sobbed and wailed with fright, tears ran down their black faces, but not until the thatched roof collapsed did they rest from their good work.

That night, as the farmer's children were going supperless to bed (for all his food had been destroyed), a little native girl arrived at the wagon shed in which they were to sleep. On her head she carried a pot of porridge her mother had sent.

The next morning numbers of natives came to the shed bringing porridge, eggs, milk, and fowls. Each woman brought a bundle of grass to help to re-thatch the walls of the house. Every man offered to help with building, thatching, and cutting poles. They all said "Sorry, sorry," clapping their hands gently to show their sympathy. Not one of them would take payment for their gifts or for their help, although it had been a year of drought and poverty.

The Message of the Drums

The drums carried the news far over the low veld, and day after day chiefs and headmen brought grass on wooden sleds drawn by oxen, while the poorer people carried it in one bundle on their heads. Every one did what he could.

Some of these people are Christians, but most of them are what we call heathen. Yet it is their custom to assist anyone who has met with misfortune. They do it as a matter of course, without any fuss, for it never occurs to them that they could stand aside. They would be shocked at the very idea of withholding their help, even when, as in this case, the unfortunate folk are of a different colour and race.



The Good Samaritans

A LOOK ROUND

HITLER LAND

One of our travelling correspondents sends us these notes after a visit to Germany.

For four years a young Nazi political leader had been trying to get young English folk to visit Germany.

He had been to England and, being an enthusiastic supporter of Hitler, was hurt by the attitude he found in this country. If these people who spoke only of the cruelties of Hitlerism could come and see the good side of it they would, he felt, be fairer in their judgments, friendship between England and Germany would grow, and peace in Europe would be assured.

Not long ago his wishes were fulfilled; a party of young people went to Düsseldorf, his town. Most of them went prepared to be friends with their German hosts if this seemed possible, but could they have friendship with men and women who countenanced the persecution of those who disagreed with them?

A Journey of Discovery

Germany is a new country, rising painfully from the ashes of a defeated, despairing land torn by internal strife, a country about which many reports are spread, but of which not nearly the whole truth can be told by any one observer, so that in these days every visit to Germany may be a journey of discovery.

Düsseldorf had not known many English of late years, and she greeted the adventurers royally, with official welcome and newspaper publicity. Other Rhineland towns followed her example, their mayors expressing the wish that good-feeling might grow between the two countries. Schoolgirls came shyly to ask to be introduced to the English. Hitler Youth came to the hotel in the evenings to talk and to entertain the guests by singing German and English songs.

"We want you to understand why we are with Hitler," they said. After all its trials and struggles Hitler was pulling the country together. The German people were to be one family, and it was not to be tolerated that any should refuse to pull their weight. All must work for the regeneration of their country. The Nazis pointed out proud achievements—great roads and bridges and buildings, absence of beggars, unemployment reduced.

Sincere Young Enthusiasts

The English visitors could not but recognise the sincerity of these young enthusiasts who wish to make their Fatherland a country good to live in. Yes, friendship would be possible with a people so eager about their ideals. But they did not fail to tell the Nazis that on the English side such friendship must be tempered with pity for a nation which has put its faith in a leader to the extent of allowing itself to be deceived. Even officials do not know how their news is distorted. Every ill report is laid to the account of sensation-mongers.

The German people see the end, and the end is good; but they are blind to the means by which it is being achieved.

EVEREST MAY FALL

THIS YEAR

THE LAST LAP OF 15 HOURS

A Great Adventure With Life and Death in the Balance

THE UNCONQUERABLE SPIRIT

Before our spring has broadened into summer another attempt will be made to put the peak of Everest beneath the mountaineer's feet.

Mr Hugh Rutledge will again lead the expedition, now on its way. It is his deep regret that he can never himself reach the summit: his years forbid it. But he is taking with him the best men he can find, and ten of them have had experience of the high Himalayas.

Mount Everest has two sentinels to guard it, the first its own natural defences, the second the Tibetan Government, whose permission must be sought to attack it. The old Dalai Lama was a true friend of the British, and it was feared that his successors of the present Tibetan Government would be less generous. But permission was given to approach Everest again between last June and June 1936.

The Baffling Elements

Among the fiercest defenders of the heights is the terrible north-west wind, which sometimes makes any progress up or down impossible and threatens to tear the climber's camps from their slender foundations. It ceases with the breaking of the monsoon; but the monsoon brings with it heavy falls of snow, which have wrecked two expeditions, the second of them that under Herr Bauer and the Bavarians five years ago.

Last year a reconnaissance of the mountain was made by Mr E. E. Shipton and five others to find which was the best time, and which the best way to go, in late May before the snow barrier has become impassable and the north-west blizzards have ceased.

The Last Dash

With this information secured the Rutledge party will make their attempt. As all know, the climb is attempted by steps. Camps are established with provisions, stoves for heating, and tents at successive heights. The last dash is made by men selected for their physique, endurance, and climbing ability from the last and highest camp. From such a camp Mallory and Irvine set out in that heroic climb from which they never returned.

This year the highest step, Camp 7, will be 400 feet higher than the highest camp of the 1933 expedition. It will be at 27,800 feet, and only 1200 feet from the summit.

Even that distance involves a desperate adventure. The mere effort to lift the feet is one which appears to tax every nerve and sinew. It is harder to move 100 yards there than miles on the level.

Life and Death in the Balance

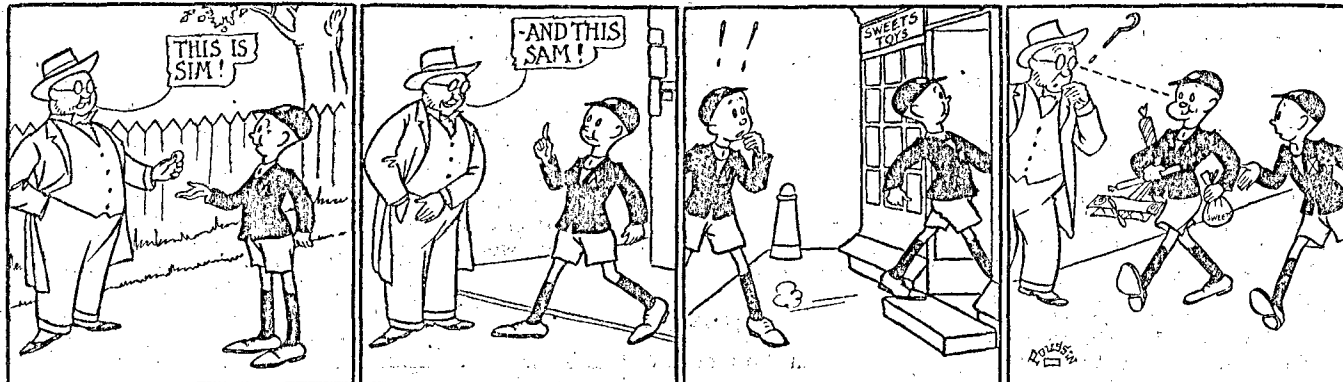
It has been calculated by the climbers with most experience to enable them to judge that the last lap will take 15 hours if men can compass it; nine hours to pass along a fairly level road, to cross the gap selected, and to climb the last Great Buttress. Then six hours back.

Will they bring victory with them? They will start at six in the morning, and should get back before daylight falls at seven in the evening. A lamp will guide them back.

At the most they will stand for only half an hour on the Roof of the World. Half an hour!—with life and death in the balance. But that men should be willing to risk so much to gain so little is a tribute to the unconquerable spirit of the human race.

Sim and Sam, the Tantalising Twins

Lucky Sim



THE LITTLE DOG

What We Should See If
Procyon Were Our Sun
20 MILLION TIMES LARGER
THAN THE EARTH

By the C.N. Astronomer

The Little Dog of the heavens, or Canis Minor as it has been known for upwards of 3000 years, follows Orion, as does Canis Major.

It is usually represented as a watchdog rather than a hunter, and as such was looked for by the ancients, since it gave warning, as it were, of the approach of Sirius. So the name of its chief star, Procyon, is believed to have been derived from the Greek word meaning "before Sirius."

Apart from this fine first-magnitude star few stars are visible in this little constellation, and these, as may be seen



The chief stars of Canis Minor

from our pictured outline, bear no relation to the form of a dog, though Beta of third magnitude with the faint stars Gamma and Epsilon may be regarded as the Dog's Head.

Procyon, easily found due east of Betelgeuse in Orion and forming with it and Sirius a great stellar triangle, is a sun of much interest, though, like Sirius, of no great size, its relative brilliance being due to its comparative nearness to us.

Actually Procyon ranks next to Sirius in being the nearest of the bright stars visible from the latitude of Britain, its light taking 10 years and 145 days to reach us; Procyon is therefore about 658,200 times farther off than our Sun, and so, according to our snowball model, described in relation to Sirius last week, if Procyon be regarded as a snowball nearly two inches in diameter, it would need to be placed about 1150 miles away to be at its proportionate distance from us.

Were Procyon in the sky in place of our Sun we would scarcely notice any difference except that its surface would be a little brighter. This is due to its slightly greater surface temperature, about 6500 degrees as compared with our Sun's average of 6000 degrees Centigrade. Procyon would also present a larger disc, its calculated diameter being about 1,650,000 miles as compared with the 864,000 miles of our Sun. Procyon therefore appears to be slightly larger than Sirius.

Great Fiery Worlds

That these calculated diameters of Procyon and Sirius are near the truth is proved from the known details of the great fiery worlds that revolve round them, and which register, as it were, the gravitational pull exerted by Sirius and Procyon respectively. Thus it is found that the amount of material in Procyon is actually about one-tenth more than in our Sun, and therefore there is about 366,775 times more matter in Procyon than in our Earth; but being so much hotter it occupies about 20 million times more space, and so is this number of times larger than the Earth.

This fiery "companion" world of Procyon's is at a distance averaging 1209 million miles from him and it takes about 39 years to revolve round Procyon, but it only radiates some 20,000 times less light than our Sun. G. F. M.

CONVOCATION

The Council Ages Old

The meeting of what is called the Convocation of Canterbury under the shadow of Westminster Abbey on the very day Edward the Eighth was being proclaimed must have recalled to the minds of many of its members that their first Writ of Summons bore the name of Edward the First.

Councils or Convocations of clerics had taken place before his reign, but they were of local rather than national character; a king did not call them together. Convocation as a national institution was born with Parliament itself.

To our first Parliament in 1264 Simon de Montfort summoned bishops, deans, abbots, priors, and, developing the idea when he ascended the throne, Edward summoned the clergy to Parliament, intending that they should be an estate of the realm which should meet at the same place as the other two estates, Lords and Commons. An estate in this sense means a class capable of separate taxation, and for the future the clerical grants were to be an item in the supplies given by the whole nation in one Parliament.

The clergy, however, insisted on voting separate grants in their own House, and won the right of freedom to give aid instead of having to submit to any demand the King might make. In 1341 the Crown finally agreed that a fixed sum should be granted in the Convocations of Canterbury and York, and ceased to insist on the attendance of the clergy in Parliament.

Yet, still, when the King issues a writ summoning a new Parliament, he also issues a writ calling on the Convocations of Canterbury and York to meet for their special business.

THE RAILWAY WANTS AN IDEA

Chance For 'an Inventor

When the Penzance night express crashed into five loose goods trucks at 50 miles an hour all but one of the passengers escaped with slight injuries.

While the Ministry of Transport's inquiry was being held, and almost while the railway company's chief engineer was explaining that the comparative safety of the passengers was due to the steel framework of the coaches, came news of another similar accident.

Near Barrow-on-Soar, Leicestershire, an express goods train crashed into the back of 30 trucks broken away from a goods train bound for Loughborough.

It is comforting to railway passengers to know that their safety is provided for, if not completely guaranteed, by the invention of steel-lined coaches; but is it not time some railway inventor devised a means of communication between the driver and the guard of a goods train, so that both might be made immediately aware of a break-away?

A light going out should not be difficult to devise.

THE VAN BOY AND THE LIFT BOY

The case of the working boy in certain occupations is to be investigated by a Home Office Committee.

The trades are: van boy, errand boy, messenger, porter, or warehouse boy, in connection with any commercial or industrial undertaking; and page boy or lift attendant in any hotel or place of public entertainment.

There are hundreds of thousands of these, and many people are deeply concerned as to their future. The committee is to advise how far and by what methods it may be desirable in the interests of the young people concerned to regulate their employment.

The secretary of the committee is Mr W. B. Vince of the Home Office.

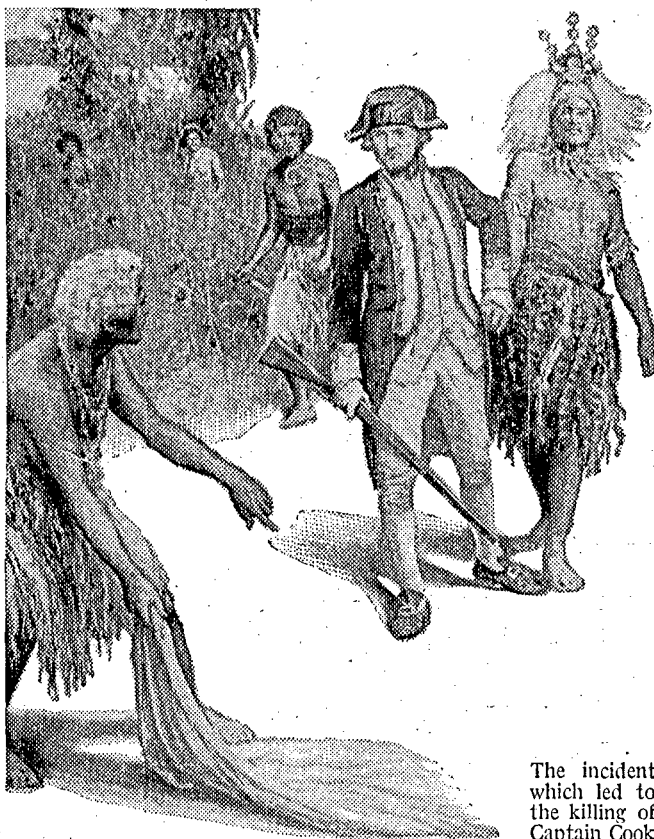
NEW ZEALAND WILL SOON BE 100

Remembering Captain Hobson

In 1940 it will be a hundred years since Captain Hobson was sent out by the British Government to take up the duties of first Governor of New Zealand.

New Zealanders do not intend to forget what Captain Hobson did for their country, and proposals are already on foot for the celebration of the centenary.

We hear of proposals for the establishment of Hobson scholarships for young New Zealanders. One suggestion is that there should be two Hobson scholarships of £20 a year for primary schools, four of £50 for secondary schools, and one university scholarship of £250 a year for research work, which would entitle the student to attend an agricultural college in New Zealand or the School of Forestry at Oxford.



The incident which led to the killing of Captain Cook

IN MEMORY OF GREY OF FALLODON

A Hilltop in Northumberland

London will do itself honour by adding to its statues the one proposed to Lord Grey of Fallodon.

Not many Londoners are familiar with the features of this great but retiring statesman, except in newspaper portraits or photographs. It is an omission that should be made good.

But the other parts of the memorial proposed by the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and others who knew Lord Grey well appeals to us more, and would, we believe, have been more to his own liking. He loved birds. They were his familiar friends; and he would have delighted to think that his name would be linked to a permanent institute of bird studies.

But even more would his heart have been touched by the consecration of the hilltop near Chillingworth Park in Northumberland to his memory.

There he used to sit and look on the noble view it commanded. If it should become, as is hoped, a national possession his unseen presence there would further ennoble it and him.

THING SEEN

A van boy of the LMS throwing paper from his van into the Strand.

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

If it is Next Week

- Feb. 9. Bishop Hooper burned at Gloucester 1555
- 10. Charles Lamb born in London . . . 1775
- 11. London University founded . . . 1828
- 12. Charles Darwin born in Shrewsbury . . . 1809
- 13. Benvenuto Cellini died in Florence . . . 1571
- 14. Captain Cook murdered in Hawaii . . . 1779
- 15. Lessing, German poet, died in Brunswick 1781

The Great Navigator

James Cook, the great navigator, was born in North Yorkshire in 1728, the son of a farm labourer, and was himself a shop boy when he ran away to sea. He did not enter the Navy till he was 27.

Many captains had adventured into distant seas before him to discover, fight, and plunder, but he went out to make scientific observations, helpful to all who should follow him. He was the friend of all the world and the servant of humanity.

Cook was forty when he made his first great voyage, and was chosen for it because he was an expert map-maker and a clever captain in managing men.

One of the greatest services he rendered was to make the life of our seamen healthy while they were long at sea.

He examined the New Zealand coast, charted the east coast of Australia, skirted the icefields of the Antarctic Ocean, visited many Pacific islands, attempted the North-West Passage between America and the North Pole, and was treacherously killed on the shore of Hawaii by natives whom he had always treated kindly.

In character and spirit, as well as achievement, Captain Cook, the farm labourer's son, was one of the greatest of the world's seamen.

AND YET IT MOVES Did Galileo Say So?

Did Galileo, when summoned before the Inquisition to recant his proof that the Earth moves round the Sun, murmur just after: "It moves nevertheless"?

His words, as the story records them, were "Eppur si muove," but doubt has been thrown on them because such a remark at such a moment, even if whispered, would have led him to a dungeon or the stake.

But Professor A. S. Eve, in Nature, records a discovery made some years ago which shows that in Galileo's day the famous saying was attributed to him.

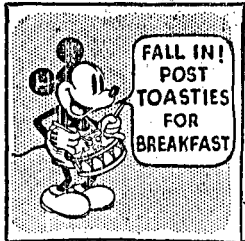
The Archbishop of Siena, a good friend of Galileo, had a soldier brother, General Piccolomini, who, while serving in Spain, asked Murillo to paint a portrait of Galileo from an earlier picture.

This Spanish portrait afterwards came into the hands of a Belgian gentleman. He found it had been framed so as to hide a heretical portion of it showing the Earth going round the Sun, together with Galileo's astronomical symbols.

Galileo on this hidden part was painted as being in a dungeon scratching with a nail the heretical figures on the wall. Beneath the largest astronomical figure appear the legendary words "Eppur si muove."

So the old story comes into its own again. It is too good not to be true, and the words too true not to hold good.

SHARP'S MICKEY MOUSE TOFFEE



Post Toasties Post

A NEWSPAPER RUN BY CHILDREN

THIS IS THE FRONT PAGE OF THE "POST TOASTIES POST" FOR FEBRUARY, 1936. FILL COUPON BELOW FOR COMPLETE ISSUE



CHILDREN! YOU ARE TO RUN THIS NEWSPAPER

Send In Your Essays Snaps And Drawings

"We'll Show The Grown-Ups"

CHILDREN! At last you are going to see yourselves in print. The "Post Toasties Post," the first newspaper to be run by children, wants your help.

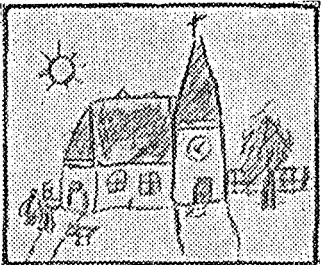
Post Toasties, with the wonderful Cut-out Toys on the boxes, have grown into such a tremendous thing that something had to be done.

Letters from children all over the country have poured in. Suggestions and ideas have rolled along.

Then somebody had a brain wave. Post Toasties is now a National Movement—and all National Movements have their own newspaper. Let Post Toastie-ites have theirs.

So children everywhere are going to wake up and find themselves real reporters, writers, artists and cameramen.

"Boys and girls," says the editor, "We'll show those grown-ups!"



THE VILLAGE CHURCH. Drawn by Edith Dean, aged 8. Edith's essay is on p. 3.

FOUR PAGE PAPER

This is the front page from first number of the "Post Toasties Post" and the P.T.P. is to be published monthly. How do you like the idea?

The Editor wants subscribers and contributors for the "Post."

And you can be both by filling in the form below.

First ask Mother to buy Post Toasties—the grandest breakfast of golden, crackling Corn Flakes, with lovely Mickey Mouse Cut-out Toys on the boxes. Then post off the top of this box with the filled-in coupon.

The complete 4-page issue of the February "Post Toasties Post," crammed with good things—will be sent you in return. You may also enclose your essay, snap, story or drawing, and if it is published—and what a thrill to see it in print—you will receive the fee which is anything up to 10/-.



DON'T FORGET TO LET THE EDITOR HAVE YOUR ESSAYS, DRAWINGS OR SNAPS HE WANTS TO PRINT ALL HE CAN!

START READING "TOBY IN TOASTIE-LAND"

AND HELP TO WRITE IT

REAL WONDER-STORY

The Editor has another great idea. "Let's write a story together," says he.

You've all heard of Alice in Wonderland and the funny characters she met there.

Now Toby—that's the little boy in this story—is going to a different Wonderland and all the characters he will meet will be suggested by boys and girls who read the "Post Toasties Post."

CRAZY IDEAS

Ideas like this: "The Camel Who Couldn't Tell The Truth," "Rabbits who walk on stilts,"



MICKEY'S BEDTIME.—made from one of the Cut-out Toys on Post Toasties boxes. Read how to make it in next month's issue.

FREE

The complete issue of 4 exciting pages of the "POST TOASTIES POST" will be sent free to you in return for a box top from a Post Toasties packet, together with the form at the foot of this page.

"The Musical Baby," "King Wogo," "Winkie and Wonkie," "Spike the Hedgehog," "The Talking Tree." Anything you think of—the crazier the better—add a few words about them and post to the Editor with the top of a Post Toasties packet.

As many as possible will be put into the story which will run monthly. 2/6 for each one used.

"Toby in Toastie-land" opens on page three of the February number of the "Post Toasties Post," which you can get by using the Coupon below.

SNAPSHOTS

WANTED FOR SPECIAL PHOTO PAGES

The back page of the "Post Toasties Post" is to be handed over to the "Post" Camera Squad.

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If the Editor uses it think of the thrill of seeing your own snap in print! And in addition you will get your fee, from 5/- to 10/- according to the size it is printed. Now then, Post Toastie-ites. Out with your cameras!

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To "Post Toasties Post" Dept. B-1, 10, Smith Square, S.W.1

Enclose the top of a Post Toasties Packet. Send me the complete 4-page issue of the February "Post Toasties Post."

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Bringing Cut-Out Toys To Life

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Crackling, crisp Corn Flakes, toasted to golden goodness, ready to eat with milk or fruit or cream—no wonder the voting is always for Post Toasties!

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And remember on every box are those splendid Mickey Mouse and other Walt Disney toys—coloured ready to cut out and give you hours of fun.

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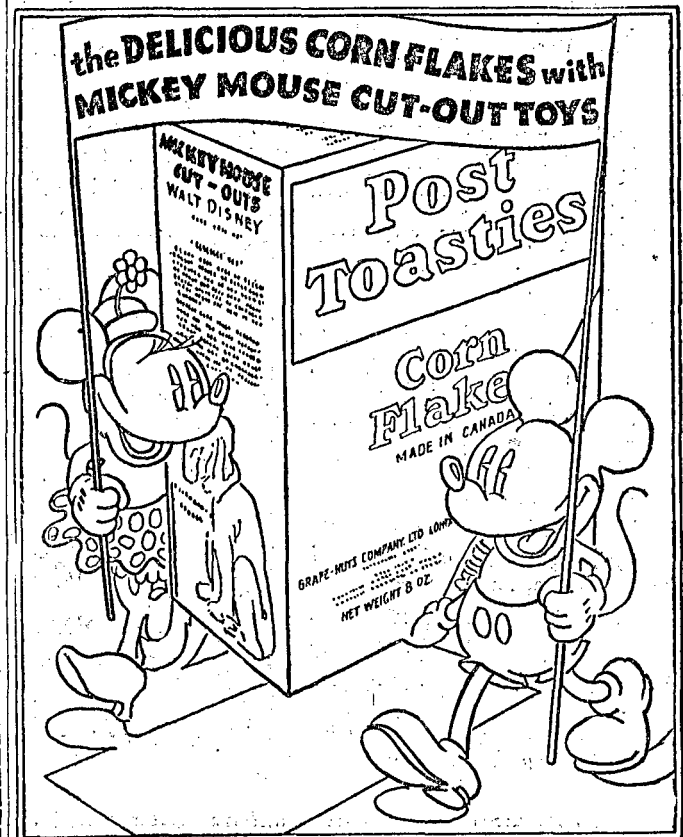
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WALT DISNEY himself could never have dreamed where it would all lead to when he put Mickey Mouse Cut-outs on the Post Toasties Packets.



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By permission of Walt Disney (Mickey Mouse) Ltd.

Get out your paints or crayons and colour this advertisement. Use any colours you like—but get the Post Toasties packet right. Send in your attempt with a Post Toasties packet top and the Coupon. Every entrant will receive a full four-page copy of the "Post" free.

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MICHAEL NORTH

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 11

Beni-Hassan is Questioned

GIOVANNI had swung round from the stove with a roar. The square-faced Antoine had jumped to his feet and was staring like a man stupefied. Only Don Luigi preserved the semblance of self-possession.

"Chi, chi!" he uttered smoothly. "And what do you here?"

Beni-Hassan stepped forward. "I was climbing the mountain," he answered, "in search of custom, Excellency, on Col de Voza. And behold, as I passed I perceived an abandoned building with a little smoke stealing from all that remains of its chimney. There is one, said I to myself, burns a stove in that hut. It may well be that its one-time possessor returns to it, in which case he will need a warm rug for his plenshing. Your Excellency will buy a beautiful rug?" And Beni-Hassan stepped farther into the room.

On his heels stepped the figure of Zamat his mute, with carpets of many colours slung from his shoulders.

Don Luigi signed to Antoine, who darted behind the intruders and, clapping the door to, dropped the bar into its socket.

Not a muscle of the Moor's imperturbable face stirred.

"Tis a heavy load that you bear up the mountain!" sneered Luigi. "And what custom would you look for on Col de Voza?"

"Your Excellency forgets the chalet-hotel there, where many rich English are gathered," answered the Moor. "And surely one carries a heavy weight up the mountain; yet to Zamat and myself tis but custom, your Excellency."

In his high-pitched voice Ramiro cried out, "He's a brigand!"

Beni-Hassan, in the act of displaying a rug, appeared to perceive his presence for the first time. He stopped with the rug in his fingers and bowed to Ramiro. "The young señor from Megève will pardon his servant," he uttered.

"You were spying on us the night before last at the hotel!"

"Who spies when there is naught to be spied upon, señor?" Beni-Hassan rejoined. "The young señor and his friends were whispering no secrets. They were loudly discussing a run on their long, wooden implements."

"But all the same you'd no right to listen," muttered Ramiro. "Don Luigi, will you ask him about the hotel?"

"He'll lie!" shouted Giovanni. "Speak out, Moor," he roared. "Wasn't it you who robbed that hotel in Megève?"

"Doth the pilferer walk abroad in the light of the day, Excellency?"

"If you didn't rob it, Beni-Hassan, who did?"

"Is thy servant a magician?" replied Beni-Hassan, with a deep obeisance which included them all.

Then Antoine broke in. "Very well, then. We'll ask you an easy one: have you seen that young *Anglais*?"

"O, Excellency, there are very many young Englishmen!"

"You know the one we mean," Ramiro exclaimed. "He was on the hotel terrace when you were listening."

"The youth of a fair skin, my señor?"

"Yes. You remember him?"

"One might recall him to memory," answered the Moor.

"Did you meet him in the forest?"

"None walk in the forest."

Don Luigi curtly bade them to leave it to him. "Now, vendor of rugs," he said smoothly, "if such be thy real trade, let me give you a word of warning: falsehood won't pay you. Do you or do you not know that young *Anglais* North?"

The Moor bowed again. "I recollect the youth, Excellency."

"That's better. Now, have you seen him?"

"On the terrace of the hotel in Megève with his comrades."

"You have not set eyes on him since?"

Don Luigi paused to drop a hand into his pocket, and when it came out again a glint of steel came with it. "Now, give us the truth, and at once," he said. "The truth."

"Doth the truth ever tarry on the lips of its messenger?" the Moor responded, folding his rugs as he spoke. "Twas but yesterday that thy servant perceived the young *Anglais*."

"Yesterday!"

"As the day broadened."

"Where did you see him?"

"I saw him in Geneva, Excellency."

"What were you doing?"

"I was selling my rugs and my carpets."

"Selling your rugs, eh?" Don Luigi retorted. "Do you hear that, Antoine, *mon ami*? He was selling his rugs!"

"As Allah is my witness."

"Well, that can wait," drawled Don Luigi. "Whereabouts in Geneva did you see North?"

"He was making his way up a street of tall, narrow houses, Excellency."

"And you were coming down it selling your rugs!" Don Luigi's voice rang with mockery. "Is that what you would have us believe, you black rogue?"

"Thy servant is no rogue," Beni-Hassan said slowly. "Nor was he coming down the street selling his rugs."

"Well! And what are you looking at us like that for?" roared Giovanni. For while the Moor had been spinning his last words out so his eyes had swiftly swept every face in the room.

"Shall thy servant not wonder what these questions portend?"

"Don't fence with us, rascal!" snapped Antoine. "If you were not in the street how could you have seen the young *Anglais*?"

"One was passing the mouth of the street," Beni-Hassan responded.

"All right. Then we'll leave it at that. Now, Moor! When you saw that young *Anglais* had he his skis with him?"

"He was carrying his skis up the narrow street, Excellency."

"Ha! And did you see him again?"

"Once again I set eyes on him."

"And what was he doing when you saw him the second time?"

"It seemed that he was searching for something mislaid. But I was busy, Excellency, selling my rugs."

"Your rugs again!" Antoine flung the words into his face like a blow. Then he sprang and seized the Moor's shoulders; but Don Luigi pushed him away. "Patience, Antoine!" he whispered. "He can't get away from us." And of Beni-Hassan Don Luigi demanded, "For what was the English lad searching?"

"Alas! One heard that he had mislaid his skis, Excellency." And now a dry note invaded his tone, and again he let his calm gaze pass round their faces.

"You tell them that he—he robbed the hotel?" jerked Ramiro.

"You tell them that he is suspected of robbing your hotel, and ask them to hold him till their confrères from Megève arrive."

"And is that all you can tell us?"

"Beni-Hassan hath spoken," the Moor replied quietly. "And now," he added, half turning toward his companion, "unless your Excellencies require a carpet or rug I go on my way. Peace be with you!"

"Oh, no, you don't!" shouted Antoine. Beni-Hassan appeared not to hear.

"Come, Zamat!" he uttered, fixing his eyes on the pair of bright eyes regarding him through the mute's hooded cloak.

Giovanni roared, "Stand where you are, Moor!"

There was dead silence.

Then into this silence Don Luigi's voice glided as gently as the first little breath of the wind on the silence of night. "You move at your peril, Beni-Hassan," it breathed. "Before we lose the happiness of your society we must, I think, consider concerning your rugs." The gentle tones rose. "Your beautiful rugs," they sneered, mimicking.

"So your Excellency will buy after all," spoke the Moor.

His captors had placed themselves between him and the door, and, watching him, were consulting under their breath.

CHAPTER 12

Beni-Hassan Gives Answer

THERE seemed some difference of opinion among the three men. For first Antoine shook his head at a whisper of Luigi's, then Giovanni appeared to dissent from them both. And occasionally, as the argument rose and fell, a word or two of their whispering could be distinguished:

"I agree that. Make ourselves safe..."

And all the time Beni-Hassan remained without movement, with his eyes not upon the three men but intently upon his companion. And behind the serene indifference of the Moor's eyes his companion could perceive a little smile coming and going.

The whispering had come to an end. They closed round their captives and Don Luigi called out to Ramiro.

"Ramiro, get down to the valley as quickly as you can and fetch the gendarmes to take this black thief off our hands."

"Do I tell them that he—he robbed the hotel?" jerked Ramiro.

"You tell them that he is suspected of robbing your hotel, and ask them to hold him till their confrères from Megève arrive."

JACKO LEAVES THE GATE OPEN

GRANNY JACKO was having a bad time.

The cold weather and the long frost had frozen all the pipes in her cottage.

Every drop of water had to be brought from the other end of the village. And that was no joke for the old lady.

Jacko was sent over to give her a hand.

Granny was delighted to see him.

"There are the buckets," she said.

"They're heavy for me, but I dare say a strong lad like you will be able to manage them quite easily."

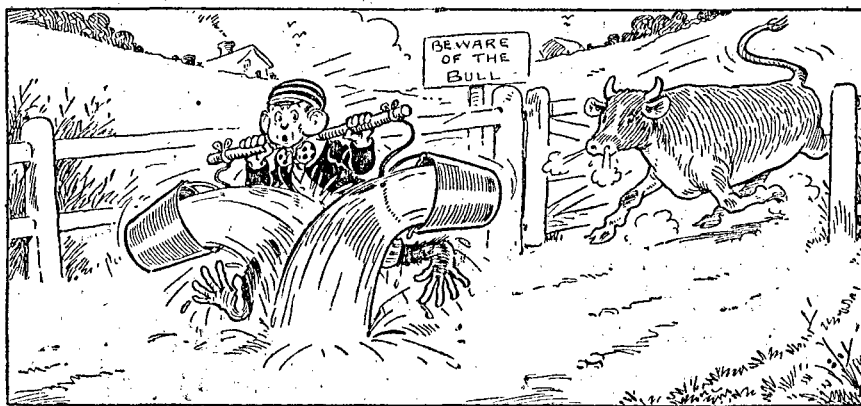
But Jacko wasn't listening. It was a lovely bright day, and he was enjoying himself.

He got the water, filled the buckets to the brim, and started back.

Halfway across the field he suddenly became aware of something blowing hard at the back of his neck.

He turned his head—and nearly collapsed. Following him solemnly was a great bull!

Jacko gave one horrified look and took to his heels.



Jacko took to his heels

Of course he could, as easy as winking. But he was going to do the thing properly. What he wanted was a bit of wood and a short length of cord.

He found both in Granny's woodshed, and in a few minutes came prancing back to show her what he had done.

"My!" she cried, when she saw him.

"You've made a yoke! What a splendid idea! Now, you know the way, my dear," she went on. "Down the lane and across the field. And don't forget to shut the gate."

Unfortunately the bull did the same.

Jacko flew on, the water splashing all over him. He reached the gate, shot through it, and slammed it in the angry creature's face.

"I've got the water, Granny," he gasped, as he staggered in.

Granny peered into the buckets.

"Thank you, dear," she said. "I think there's enough to fill the kettle. And when I've had a cup of tea," she added, "I shall feel able no doubt to fetch some more."

Ramiro nodded, lifted the bar, and rushed out, and as speedily Giovanni dropped the bar after him.

"Now! Your wrists, Beni-Hassan!"

"Your Excellencies would bind my wrists?" uttered the Moor.

"Indeed, yes!" Don Luigi had snatched up a coil of rope and was severing a length from it with his knife. "And afterwards I shall have to trouble your ankles. You black thief!"

Dropping his rugs, Beni-Hassan sighed and extended his wrists. "But your Excellencies will suffer my mute to depart," he said pleadingly, as Don Luigi lashed wrist to wrist.

"We shall serve your mute in the same way, Moor!" mocked Don Luigi.

"Then, serve!" cried Beni-Hassan in a great voice, and, throwing his arms wide, he snapped the cord as though it had been packthread. "Serve, dog!" he repeated, as he brought his arms back, "and as Allah is my witness thus I serve thee!"

The beads of sweat were bursting out on his brow, his fingers closed on Don Luigi's throat, forcing the breath out, until suddenly the grip relaxed and dropped to the arm-pits, and, taking Don Luigi under those arm-pits, the Moor jerked his legs from under him and flung him back heavily.

This happened with such swiftness and such unexpectedness that the other two, already thrown off their guard by Beni-Hassan's apparent submission, had been given no time to spring to the rescue. Nor did they now stir immediately, but stood stupefied by the change which had transfigured the old carpet-seller. Hatfily an instant ago they had seen him standing before them, impassive and grave, bowing low as he waited their pleasure. That Beni-Hassan had gone in the flash of a breath. Even his very robes appeared to have suffered a change. No longer did they flow around him in dignity; they were now the tossing garments of some wild warrior. In truth Beni-Hassan the carpet-seller was gone. In his place had come that chieftain from Moroccan deserts whose tribesmen had long defied all the forces of France. Little wonder that the two men doubted their eyes.

However, neither lacked courage. Recovering from their spasm of incredulity, they hurled themselves together upon Beni-Hassan and, assured that he had no weapons except his bare hands, they locked their arms round him, endeavouring to throw him, while Don Luigi, who had struggled to his knees, began to feel about on the floor for his knife. He found it.

"Hold him! Hold him!" he uttered hoarsely, then rose painfully upright, with the knife poised, waiting his chance.

"Hold—!" His gasping breath was turned into a scream of agony as a blow like the sweep of a flail came down on his wrist.

He dropped again, and the knife clattered out of his grasp. There swooped upon it the figure of Zamat the mute, breathing heavily, with an alpenstock snatched from the wall.

Snarling and nursing his wrist, Don Luigi moved cautiously, but the iron-shod staff drove him back like the thrust of a sword. He had no knife. His fangs were drawn. He was beaten. But he promised himself a terrible revenge presently, as soon as his friends had disposed of the Moor.

He would have to wait for that revenge, it appeared. For, interlocked as the three others were, and swaying and grappling, it grew evident in less than a couple of minutes that Don Luigi's associates were no match for Beni-Hassan. Their strength was as nothing to his. They had challenged his grip—and they could not break free from it now. Growling deep in his throat he held them closer and closer, till with a sudden heave of his powerful shoulders and chest he flung them from him and they fell with a crash, and lay groaning.

Then, shaking himself like a dog coming out of the water, the great Moor smoothed his robes and drew himself up again. With a sign to his attendant to collect the scattered carpets and rugs, he stepped to the two he had thrown and surveyed them a moment. "You'll do," he pronounced.

"You will soon be your evil selves again."

Then, "Come, Zamat!" he said, and, turning, he strode to the door and gravely passed through. And behind him passed the figure of Zamat his mute.

Nor did any one of the three raise finger to stay them. But as soon as they were outside Beni-Hassan's grave features relaxed as he spoke to his mute.

"Come, my *Anglais*, we must hurry!" he said. "Now as Allah is my witness thou hast done well!"

"So you think I played my part all right!" laughed Michael North.

TO BE CONTINUED

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RECIPE

6 oz. Flour. 3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA'.
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Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours.

(Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.)

A Jolly Game for Everyone

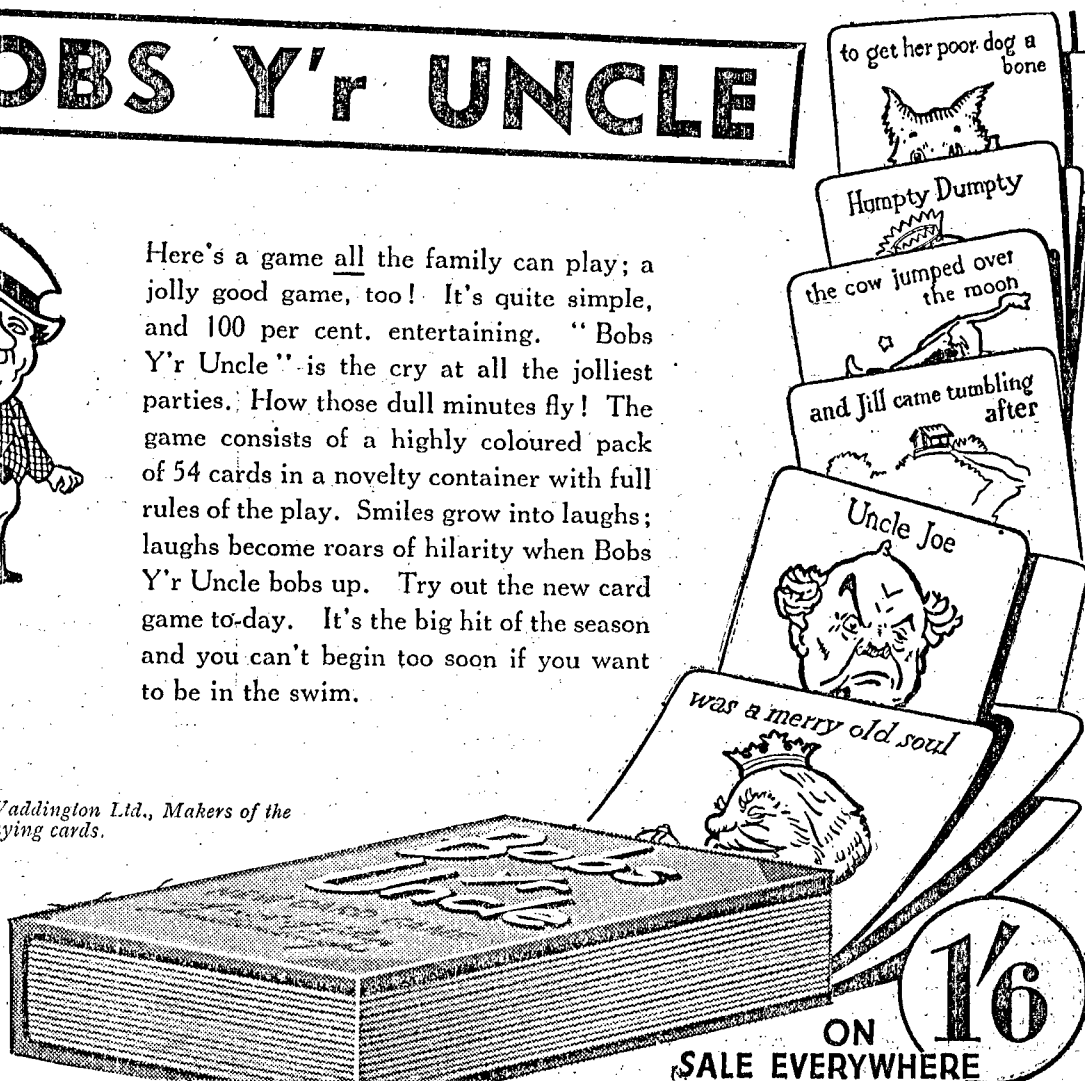
BOBS Y'r UNCLE



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